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THE COMMUNICATOR

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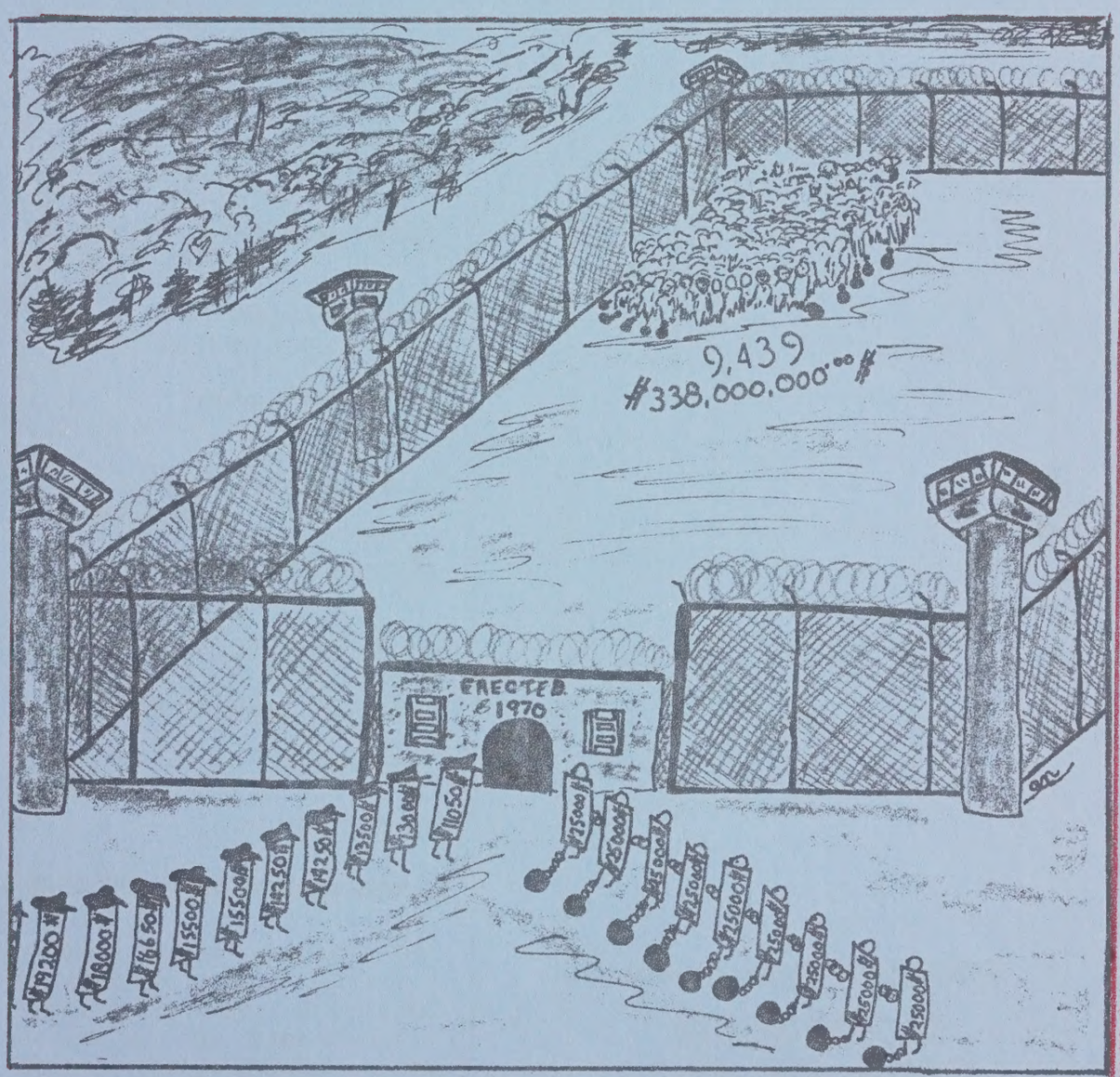

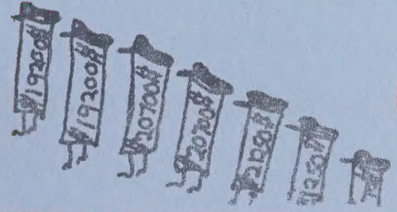

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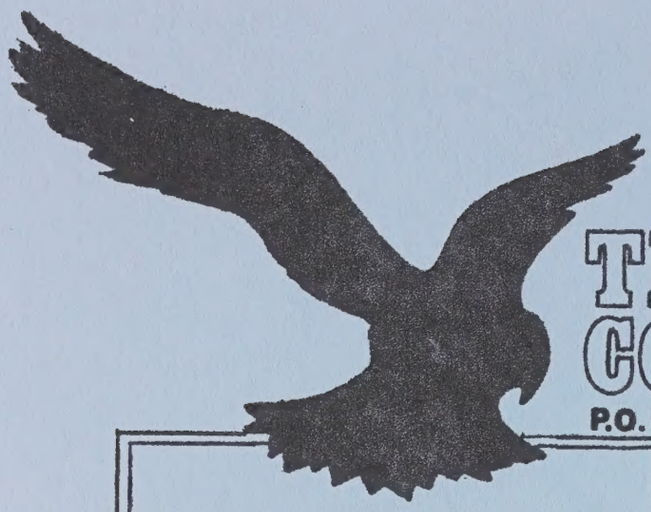

THE COMMUNICATOR

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL Inside Cover

"SUBCOMMITTEE STRIKES OUT" Greg Scott...2

"IF QUÈBEC SECEDES" Joe Basha...7

"REHABILITATE WHO?..." David Taylor...10

"FIBS... FIBS... FIBS..." Greg Scott...12

"HALFWAY TO THE FACTORY" David Taylor...13

ACCENT ON YOUTH Paul Aube...15

ARTS AND CRAFTS Greg Scott & Art Nelligan...16

ELECTION POTPOURRI Joe Basha...17

ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING Greg Scott...18

NATIVE BROTHERHOOD Steve Augustine...19

POETRY SECTION ...20-23

LETTER TO Macleans Mag. ...24

UNIT REPORTS ...25-28

SPORTS SECTION ...29

THE CONTENTS HEREIN, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED, ARE FREE FOR REPRINTING, PROVIDING THAT THE AUTHOR'S NAME, AND THE PUBLICATION COMMUNICATOR IS CREDITED AS THE SOURCE.

EDITORIAL

greg scott

THIS WILL BE MY LAST ISSUE AS EDITOR, AS I'M TURNING THE HELM OVER TO BOB EBY, but will be staying on to act as Managing Editor. We also have a new artist, ART NELLIGAN. Their work should upgrade the old beanery. The comments of our readers would be greatly appreciated in this uphill struggle against mediocrity.

In an attempt to have a representative view as opposed to that of a clique, we are inviting input from every portion of the population and community at large. All we do is edit to make sure that the material is readable and clear. After that, the writer is on his own, and subject to whatever criticism he attracts.

If you have been provoked by anything we have printed, or not printed, it would be better if you wrote us rather than sitting around bellyaching with your pals. That doesn't accomplish anything, and besides, opinions are like belly-buttons - everybody has one....

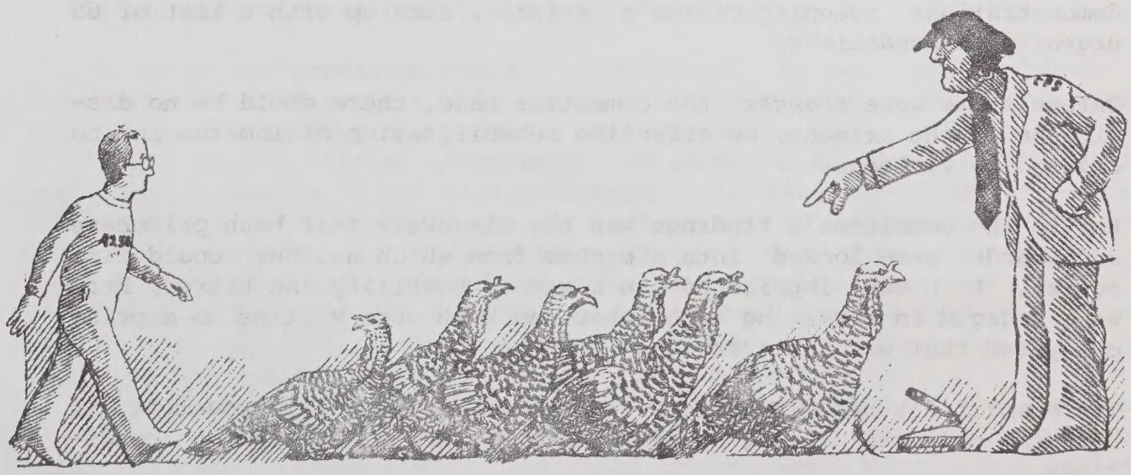
The issues we deal with in this issue are focused around the government and its attitude toward the penitentiary system in general and our rights as prisoners specifically. The Parliamentary Sub-Committee's sixty-five Recommendations are still being overlooked by the policy makers. It's not really much wonder though, that the CPS (CCS) is having a hard time getting it together as far as the recommendations are concerned; CPS Deputy Commissioner JOHN BRAITHWAITE said in LIAISON MAGAZINE (May '78) that 59 out of 65 Recommendations have already been moved on. What type of movement he is referring to is left to the imagination of the reader. It's funny, though, that the Solicitor-General in his October Progress Report on those same recommendations said that 22 have been implemented and 16 more are under way. I have a hard time deciding whether these people simply lie all the time, only on ocassion, or are simply misinformed and confused. Maybe all of the above. What I do know is that as long as the whole question of penitentiaries is left in the hands of politicians, those of us inside will be getting a raw deal. After it is taken out of the political arena we still may get a raw deal, but it probably can't get any worse.

Another item coming to the front - minimum wage for convict labour - is soon to be tried out in Springhill. The Electronic Data Processing System has recently opened up a shop here, and negotiations are under way to pay the guys a minimum wage. We will have to pay Income Tax, UIC, Rent, and a host of deductions that you out there know all about. Fortunately, we will be free of any illusions about "rights" which will come our way in return for our tax dollars.

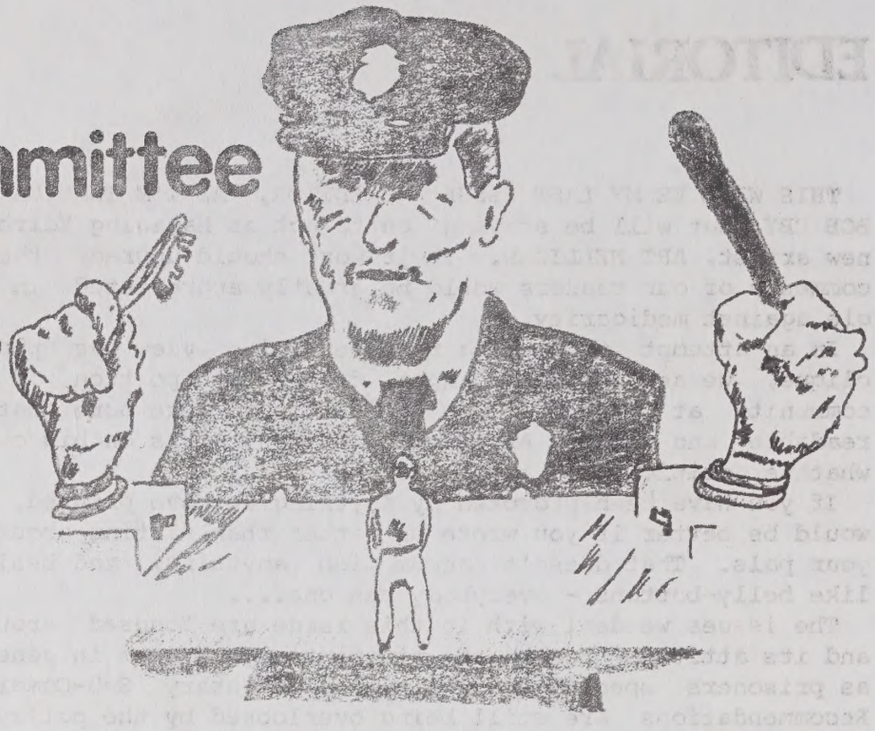
Since this issue was put together we have been re-issued new Photo IDs. We don't have to wear them, but will be required to produce them at some vital points - like before being released on parole, T.L.A., etc. I keep having this funny dream about being unable to produce my card when returning from a pass and not being allowed in....

Anyhow, read on.

LATE NEWS: CSC has announced that inmates working on the Electronic Data Processing will be paid a maximum of $3.00 per day. Now that's minimum !



Subcommittee Strikes Out



greg scott

EVER SINCE THE REPORT TO PARLIAMENT BY THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON THE PENITENTiary System in Canada released its report in June of 1977, there has been a lot of activity at Regional and National Headquarters. The new commissioner has been very concerned about cost efficiency within the service, but the actual effect of these studies won't be known for some time. There hasn't been much activity on the local scene, although they did issue all inmates with ID cards with their picture on them, but these were recalled after a few months and we now wear a name tag like you see on Sobey's clerks.

According to the November report of the Solicitor-General, twenty-two of the sixty-five recommendations have been implemented. Those who served on the Subcommittee say that's not enough. What follows are some pieces from the media on this subject:

PRISON REFORM IS STYMIED - Toronto Star, Dec. 17, 1978

They're doing it again. Once again Ottawa has hovered on the brink of prison reform and then backed off. It is clear from Solicitor-General JEAN-JACQUES BLAIS' recent announcement in Parliament that there isn't a chance of the recommendations of the parliamentary subcommittee on prisons being implemented.

In June 1977, after a year's study, the committee appointed by the Solicitor-General to look into the rash of riots, hostage-takings and demonstrations sweeping Canada's prisons, came up with a list of 65 urgent recommendations.

Unless there were changes the committee said, there could be no discipline in the prisons, no effective rehabilitation of inmates and no end to the violence.

Key to the committee's findings was the discovery that both prisoners and guards were locked into a system from which neither could find relief. Both were imprisoned in a web of hostility and hatred, both were engaged in harassing each other and both were victims to a prison system that was arbitrary and inhumane.

The committee's recommendations therefore called for improvement in both the convicts' living conditions and the guards' working conditions.

For example, the committee recommended small prisons of no more than 250 inmates. It urged specialized institutions for sex offenders.

...Yet the response of the Penitentiary Service and the Solicitor-General has been to drag their heels while proclaiming how eager they are to adopt the committee's recommendations. Spokesmen for the service talk glibly of having implemented 22 of the recommendations,with another 16 well under way.
In fact, however, almost nothing has been done. There is a "pilot project" here and a study there but the men in their cells and the guards in the corridors have seen nothing that would alter the condition of their lives.

The whole exercise probably adds up to a disturbingly skillful display of bureaucratic tokenism and resistance to change.

The results will be tragic. Inmates who have been waiting patiently for reform are bound to lose hope and take up again the violence and protests of previous years. Their actions will only lead to repression and the whole prison system will stagger backwards to the dark ages.

...The momentum of prison reform is too rare and too valuable a commodity to be blunted and dissipated again by a system all too skilled in preventing change.

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MARK MacGUIGAN, in a radio interview with JEAN RIVARD of CJOH on December 10th, 1978 attributed the slowness to:

"...things were going pretty well when FRANCIS FOX was there, and then all of a sudden we had a new commissioner because of the unfortunate death of the previous commissioner, you had a new deputy minister because of the transfer of the deputy, and you had a new minister, all of that within the space of a few months. And the last time we really had a chance to go at the subject was April, and it really was too soon to expect that new team to produce. But, we told them within the last week or two that they haven't produced and we're very disappointed. And I think you'll hear all of us who were on the subcommittee saying that much more in the future; not as a matter of technique, I mean because it's a crying issue...."

In a television interview with GAIL SCOTT on December 1st, 1978, ERIK NIELSEN, P.C. Member of Parliament for the Yukon and a member of the subcommittee told the CANADA A.M. hostess that he is "disappointed with the progress that has been made. Disappointed is a mild word, if the attitude of the committee is the same now as it was when they released their report. At that time, they were outraged, saying: "...We seem to have tried in our penitentiaries, all without success, fear, manipulation, arbitrary action, naked power, unsavoury conditions, solitary confinement, social and mental deprivation, the rhetoric of rehabilitation and a whole range of other approaches aimed at coercing, frightening, or driving individuals into virtue ...." (Page 105, Paragraph 506, Report to Parliament).
In his interview with GAIL SCOTT he said:

"...we on the committee crossed party lines. It was a non-partisan report entirely, and we were all, those of us who remain on the standing committee, discouraged by the progress that was made....
"...We were unanimous throughout our studies, unanimous in our report, and we're unanimous in our disappointment. The reason -- I think something good should be said about the report. There are 22 recommendations, which really are peripheral, that have been adopted. But, when we submitted our report, we emphasized that in order for it to create effective reform it had to be implemented as a package, and several recommendations, some of which form the vital core of the report, have simply been rejected. And that was the discouraging part of yesterday's meeting....
"...Well, we feel that, unless our report is adopted as a package, that there's no hope for any real meaningful reform in the system,and we'll continue to have conditions which are going to generate violence and that will not be turning out inmates of our prison system (and there are over 9,000 of them in the federal system) into society as useful and constructive members of society again, which, after all, is the ultimate objective."

...continued..3

GAIL SCOTT: "Except that the Solicitor-General turns that back on you and says that there's been much less violence in our prisons recently."

"Yes, he attributes that, though, to the no-deals policy, which was one of the recommendations that we made in connection with hostage-taking incidents. The committee members, however, are unanimous in our belief that our report provided a degree of hope to inmates within the walls, the first ray of light appeared on the horizon that something really was going to be done about correcting the situation and bringing about reforms, and therefore the incidents decreased. Our fear now is that, unless some real positive progress is made in the vital parts of our recommendations, that we may well see a resurgence of that kind of violence within the walls again."

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Again, MARK MacGUIGAN, Liberal Member for Windsor/Walkerville and head of the subcommittee seems confident that the 65 recommendations will be implemented. In fact he says that "we're determined to see that that is implemented...." However, in the following interview with BARBARA FRUM on November 28th the "we" are never clearly identified:

BARBARA FRUM: "Are you still hearing from inmates? Do they tell you how things are inside now? Do they tell you if they see any improvement?

MARK MacGUIGAN: "Yes, I get a great deal of information from prisoners, and they certainly tell me that things haven't improved."

BARBARA FRUM: "But it's interesting that they're still in touch with you. They see you as some kind of ombudsman now."

MARK MacGUIGAN: "Yes, that's true. And, unfortunately, I'm not set up to handle individual instances. I can't really do much for them on the basis of their particular problem. I have to refer cases to the correctional investigator or some other such official,or take it up with the commissioner of penitentiaries."

BARBARA FRUM: "What is going to happen to your study, do you think, Mr. MacGuigan?"

MARK MacGUIGAN: "Well, we're going to be discussing it with the Solicitor-General on Thursday. He's coming before the justice committee, on estimates, and we take advantage of opportunities like that to ask for a progress report and to press him on certain things. We're certainly not prepared to give up on it. We think that we outlined the way in which our prison system can be changed, and we're determined to see that that is implemented."

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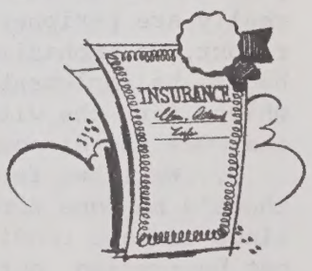

Our Twenty Seventh Year

Solicitor-General, J.J. BLAIS has announced that the Kingston Penitentiary, built in 1835, scheduled for phasing out this year, will receive a $27 million facelift, and will replace Millhaven as the "grandaddy of Canada's Big Houses!" reports the Kingston Whig-Standard. Millhaven will be converted to medium security for the piddling sum of $6 million. Mr. Blais seems to be having a great time with the pencil and paper, re-arranging his monopoly board real estate trying to deal with the country's bad guys. Last year he reported that the government was going to build 23 new prisons with about 250 beds apiece. No sooner was this announced than the public, who can add too, realized that on top of the $750 million cost of building, we would have an annual budget of the same amount, just for maintainance. These institutions were planned to comply with Recommendation 50of the subcommittee (new institutions should be small...), which has now been shelved for a while. The Solicitor-General's department is planning 450 bed prisons to replace the planned 23 prisons which were planned because smaller prisons are supposed to be easier to deal with.... Begin to see the nature of the problem?

STUART LEGGAT, another member of the committee has said that "...Blais is another Solicitor-General who can't cope with the bureaucracy, which has rejected most of the proposed reforms as unworkable...."

"On the west coast, British Columbia Penitentiary would be phased out as maximum," Blais said. Leggat and others predict that the 19th Century prison in New Westminster will remain open. (The government has announced its closure 26 times since 1948.)

STOP PRISON CONSTRUCTION, OTTAWA IS URGED - Globe & Mail, Dec. 19

OTTAWA (CP) A committee representing civil-liberties groups in Ontario and Quebec called yesterday for a halt to all federal prison construction until a public review has been carried out into how money has been spent so far and what the alternatives are to building new cells.

The MORATORIUM COMMITTEE ON PRISON CONSTRUCTION told a news conference that Solicitor-General JEAN-JACQUES BLAIS was wrong last week when he announced a revised program he said would save $225 million in construction costs. It said the actual saving will be $43.5 million, and the building program will cost $110,000 a cell.

Committee spokesman DENNIS CONLY said the federal prison system is a disaster, and "to expand the disaster is a big mistake."

...The revised program announced last week involves building nine new prisons, renovating and expanding nine others and closing none, Mr. Conly said. Net increase in cell space would be 2,753.

All but one of the six new prisons still to be built -- three have been opened this year -- would be in ridings held by Liberal MPs. Mr. Conly said it is "morally repugnant" to justify prison construction on the basis of job creation....

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The MORATORIUM COMMITTEE ON PRISON CONSTRUCTION has been active for the last couple of years. We re-printed an article in Vol. 7 #2 entitled "Prison Building Boom" by Henry Carruthers, which exposed a lot of interesting information on the construction plans of the Canadian Penitentiary Service. It (the article) can be summed up as follows:

In 1974, WARREN ALLMAND, then Solicitor-General, announced that there was a "population explosion" in Canada's prisons, and a construction program was announced to deal with the problem. While this program was still in the planning stages, the government was told that they should build smaller prisons, so they had to plan more of them. In 1977, the Canadian Penitentiary Service reported that they had 2400 empty beds. Do they stop planning for this mysterious horde of convicts? No way! In 1978, with a total of 14,400 beds, the C.P.S. is 300 beds over their 1985 population estimates.

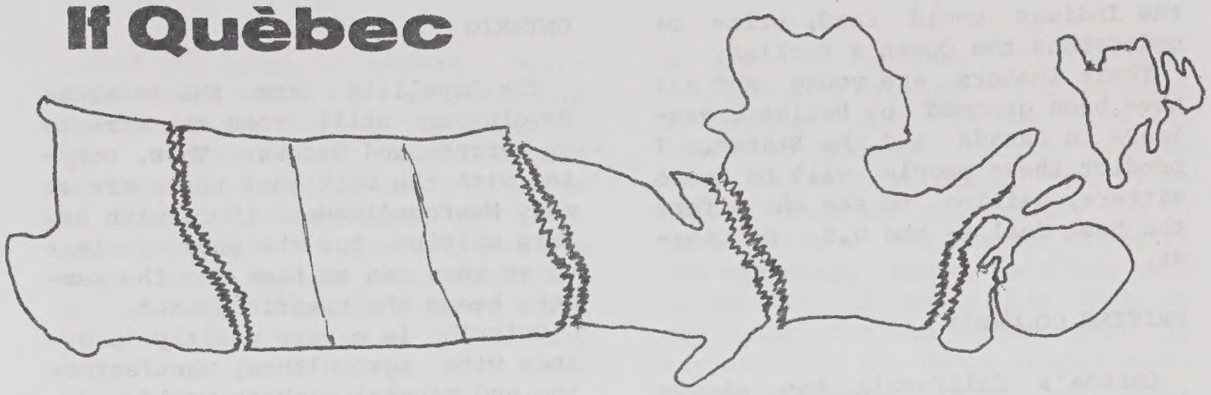
Thus we have a moratorium movement. Not only do we have more prisons than we need, there are many serious arguments that prisons don't do any good at all, and never have. C.B.C. Radio ran the following commentary on December 14, 1978 by BILL GREENAWAY:

> The Solicitor-General recently announced a huge dollar cut in plans for prison construction. I think he expected us to be impressed with the seriousness of the government's restraint efforts. I was dismayed by the original plans, and I'm still perplexed.
>
> $280 million to build new prisons and to renovate and enlarge old ones. Now, I don't doubt that some institutions are overcrowded, and decrepit ones such as B.C. Penitentiary ought to be torn down, but the real problem is that we have too many people locked up in Canada. It's not that we have a dispropriate number of dangerous criminals. Really serious offenders constitute a minority of those incarcerated.
>
> Most people working in the criminal justice system will tell you that many who are behind bars shouldn't be. When we use imprisonment as anything but a last resort, the danger, according to many experts, is that we create embittered, repeat offenders and actually increase the crime problem. The government is suggesting that larger, more impersonal institutions will save us money. That might be false economy if we're merely establishing more efficient post-graduate training in crime.
>
> We should be looking forward to reducing the prison population rather than expanding it. The segment from which most offenders come, the 16 to 24-year-olds, is decreasing as a proportion of our total population. Like high schools and universities, prisons should be experiencing an enrollment crisis. What's more, the escalation of crime rates of the past decade have slowed down, and for some offence categories even declined.
>
> But, at the same time, the government has sanctioned policies which will swell our prisons. Parole is granted too seldom. Also, the trade-off used to get the abolition of capital punishment through Parliament has created problems. First degree murderers are not eligible for parole until they serve at least 25 years of a life sentence. Second degree murderers wait at least 10 years. As a result of such restrictions, we will have, by a conservative estimate, about 1,000 lifers by the year 2000.
>
> I'm all for improving prison conditions, but building more and larger prisons just doesn't make sense. $280 million can be spent in better ways than expanding senseless, over-staffed human warehouses.

- - O - -

Although the 65 recommendations seem to take for granted that prisons are necessary, and that we will have them for some time to come, they have said that much can be done to improve the lot of 9000 odd federal prisoners, and at least that many provincial ones. The recommendations made in 1977 are very similar to those made in 1938 by the ARCHAMBAULT REPORT, the OUIMET REPORT of 1969, and the 1972 SWACKHAMMER REPORT, etc, etc. The issue needed to be dealt with is whether prisons of any type are really solving a problem, not the issue of what type, where we put them, how long we keep people and all that □

If Quèbec



Secedes

JOE BASHA

IN 1867 A UNION OF UPPER AND LOWER Canada consumated what we today call the Dominion of Canada. During this time John A. MacDonald handed the Liberals severe trouncings on the floor of Parliament. He verbally assaulted and psychologically demoralized them; all Canada was alive with excitement.

Over 100 years prior to this, on September 13, 1759 another battle was taking place. This was a blood and guts type battle, one that was supposed to settle the French-English controversy in Canada once and for all. The Blue Coats of France and the Red Coats of England lined up to do battle on the Plains of Abraham; when the smoke cleared the mighty French had gone down in defeat, and Imperialist England was left the sole political power in Canada. New France would now be ruled from the far-off shores of Great Britain. Canada was now part of the British Dynasty.

But England, whether in haste,excitement or fear,made a snap judgement: she granted the French in Canada the right to retain and practice their culture. Other concessions were made but I think this was the most dramatic, and the one to cause the most problems later. Culture means, partially, language, and language is basically what the trouble is between Quebec and Uncle Sugar in Ottawa.

I have no intention of getting into the politics of 1759, or even 1867. It's today I'm interested in, and today the political question in Canada seems to be, not the upcoming Federal election in the spring, but rather, will Smokey Levesque lead his province into secession, and, if he does, what will happen to the rest of Canada?

You may not agree with me, but so what! Even in the slammer one's entitled to his opinion. Most English Canadians sluff off the idea of secession. They say Levesque is crazy and it can't happen. Maybe not, but I'm wondering if they are the same English Canadians who laughed at Smokey when he threatened to lead a party that even threatened secession. Most Canadians haven't given enough thought to Quebec; they laugh it off and say,"It can't happen."

Canada today consists of ten provinces and two territories,all with regional and cultural differences; and at one time or another have been at odds with Ottawa over these differences. But only Quebec has had a constant fight with Ottawa.

And for what -- for her civil and provincial rights, that's what for! She has no intention of bowing to the strong central government in Ottawa. Canada being a country of regions and regional differences should mean that the provinces have a much greater say than they do now. And, if Quebec secedes, this is what I think will happen to the rest of Canada:

NORTHWEST - YUKON TERRITORIES

These territories lack population but more than make up for it in mineral resources. They are believed to be rich in oil, but poor in communications with Ottawa. They want Aboriginal Rights and Land Claims settled before another Whiteman gets one square inch of their land. They aren't subservient to any treaty that was drawn up by any Whiteman before

the Indians could read, write or understand the Queen's English.

Their leaders are young and all have been groomed by Native organizers in Canada and the States. I predict these people will be fence sitters, waiting to see who offers the best deal -- the U.S. or Canada.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Canada's California has always been a political and social melting pot. Ever since 54-40 or Fifth, Canada has always looked at our window on the Pacific as being different.

Timber, manufacturing, agriculture, minerals, as well as a good climate and excellent seaports, make her a worthy possession. The Yanks would surely like to have her, and she may go, as she would be geographically cut off from Ottawa. She may border Washington State but her arms embrace the social and economic benefits of California.

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

Two of these three prairie provinces are the homes of the two politically strongest Conservatives. Clark, the leader, is from Alberta and "Jowels" Diefenbaker is from Saskatchewan. If Clark makes a good showing in the spring election, he may break some of "Jowels'" power, but that remains to be seen.

In the meantime these provinces are all strong in agriculture; and as a plus benefit,Alberta is filthy with oil. The tar sands will be an extra feature added as soon as the price of oil increases again.

I predict these three provinces will stick together as a unit. Wheat and oil can hold them together financially and,politically, they've gotten the shaft from Ottawa on several occasions regarding agriculture and oil. They can stand alone; as their commodities are in great demand.

ONTARIO

The Loyalists from the American Revolution still roam the streets of Toronto and Ottawa. This, coupled with the fact that there are so many Newfoundlanders there with new cars waiting for the snow to clear up so they can go home for the summer, keeps the traffic jammed.

Ontario is a very wealthy province with agriculture, manufacturing,and mineral markets world wide. Ontario is getting a good deal from Ottawa and is quite content with things the way they are. I think P.E.I. would join her as P.E.I. could benefit from her agriculture markets. P.E.I. has potatoes and some tourists in summer. She would make out well with Ontario. They are both social conservatives; and not much into provincial or civil rights.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Although sparcely laced in the beginning with Loyalists, their blood lines run straight to the economic markets of Maine and Massachusetts. Nova Scotia, especially, has gotten nothing from Ottawa and unemployment runs rampant. New Brunswick is not really into a French question with Ottawa, and I really don't think the Plains of Abraham apply here anyway. They would love to see U.S. money and ingenuity develop or even "overdevelop" them; either way, I'd predict them to trade their Maple Leaf for the Stars and Stripes.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

For the first time in her history,she is about to become solvent. Oil is definitely there, it's just the problem of how she and Ottawa will split up the loot. Here again, we have a question of provincial rights and a strong central government. Newfoundland is rich in iron ore, water power (which was sleazily sold to Quebec who in turn sold it to the United States), timber and now, as far as one can make out, oil.

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What she lacks is leaders. Smallwood would volunteer to lead; but then Shaheen and Doyle would own it all. So, she still lacks a good leader, and there doesn't seem to be anyone on the horizon.

Newfoundland is about to enter a fight with Quebec over Labrador. Quebec wants Labrador, or at least the iron ore, the water power and off-shore claims to the oil. Newfoundland would never join Quebec, and would hesitate in another deal with Ottawa. She may stand alone if she is rich enough in oil. Or, she could let the Yanks come in and develop her resources while she stood alone politically, making her own decisions -- she can't do any worse. Either way someone is going to steal everything, it might as well be a Newfoundlander.

QUEBEC

For obvious reasons, I've saved her for last. Quebec wants to be Le Belle Province. She feels she's mature enough to solve her own problems. She wants provincial and civil rights.

She is well endowed socially, economically and politically. All she needs is markets near home, and she has them; the U.S. is right on her border. Oh, you might say the U.S. won't trade with Quebec, and I'd say that you're crazy. It specifically brings to mind the time Smokey Levesque went to New York to look for markets; he was treated cooly and English Canada was overjoyed. What did you expect, the U. S. to violate its Monroe Doctrine and encourage Smokey and his band to secede? Of course not! But, do you think for one minute that if any state in the Union needed something and Quebec had the best deal, do you think they'd say no! The U. S. or anyone else will trade with the people who give the best deal. Politics and business are not always two different things. And I'll tell you something else -- and history will qualify this statement: "Taxation without representation won't work." Some folks in the U.S. had a lot to say about that a couple of hundred years ago.

Quebec pays a lot of taxes; and her taxes pay a lot of bills for Canada, and for those tax dollars she wants to be represented in a way she feels befits her, and on her terms.

So, the next time someone mentions the Land of the Lilly Pads in reference to secession -- don't laugh; it could happen, and it could work. Smokey could leap right over Ottawa and croak on Parliament Hill.

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'WHERE YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED'

Rehabilitate Who??

For What??

dave taylor

IF YOU ASK MEMBERS OF STAFF IN THIS INSTITUTION, OR ANY OTHER OF ITS kind, "What is the purpose of prison?" you will, of course, have many varied answers. The greatest number of replies will fall into two categories: punitive and rehabilitative.

Let's deal with the first: statistics alone show that punishment and suffering are not a deterrent to criminal behaviour. These two elements, for a person who had decided to attempt to live in harmony with society after the initial shock of being caught and arrested, in fact, have a far greater chance of creating a derogatory effect. If you punish a person sufficiently and make him, or her, suffer to the point where bitterness and hatred are stored up like a malignant cancer, upon release from prison, a veritable volcano of repressed hostility is let loose on society. The people he would like to repay for manufacturing the poison within him are not available and, bearing in mind that a human being requires a release for all emotions that pass through him, including hatred, bitterness, and anger, this volcano has no alternative but to erupt. And, again, it is society and the ex-prisoner who foots the bill. It would be far healthier if the offender were to give vent to his emotions in the prison where he got them. He would be defusing this bomb where it belongs -- in the jail. It would leave the prisoner with healthier emotions upon his release.

Fifteen years ago I was sentenced to three years in an English jail, out of which I served two years and seven months. The majority of that time I spent in isolation on a diet of bread and water, for what must have been just about every charge that the penal system had to offer--everything from not wearing a tie, to assaulting a guard. My philosophy was quite simple: I saw communication as one bringing a gift to another, and when a guard came to me bringing along his bag of hang-ups, inferiority complexes, and various other forms of poison, in my way I would say quite clearly, "No thank you. I don't want it, it doesn't belong to me. You keep it; because, after all is said and done, it is yours." Obviously, they didn't want it either. It was my intention to leave the prison with the same outlook on people and situations as I had had when I was admitted, irregardless of the consequences while in the prison. The last words that the prison governor said to me on my day of release were, "You'll be back by the end of the month." -- an encouraging farewell, you might think. It is my sincere belief that he would have been right had I thrown my identity and values away and done what I was told when I was told, and accepted the continual abuse without question.

I am not advocating this kind of action as a solution to the kinds of frustration that arise out of a prison context, but the fact that these problems in communication do exist gives rise to the question, "What can one do about it?" It would appear that, when confronted by those in authority who believe in and enjoy administering a punitive system, we have to adapt to what is being served out to us -- ADAPT being the key word as opposed to ACCEPT. There are plenty of opportunities in here to learn how to deal with people and situations; psychology can give you insight into people's behaviour in given situations, or simply sitting back and studying the people around you enables you to better understand how people think. There are human beings in here from many walks of life, and live specimens are far better than any text book philosophy. Surely any method should be contemplated if it brings an inner

peace based upon self improvement and good mental health. Remember, the execution of knowledge into your own life brings wisdom.

On the other hand, working beside these people are staff who, in good faith and pure intention, believe in rehabilitation. Many members of staff have told me that, in their opinion, rehabilitation is "to teach us how to live in harmony with society without harming it or breaking its laws." On the face of it, it sounds great. Who could argue with that? It's positive, constructive, and serves a very useful purpose; but, there is one fact that gets grossly overlooked:

QUESTION -- HOW DO YOU TEACH PEOPLE TO LIVE IN FREEDOM IF YOU KEEP THEM IN CONDITIONS OF CAPTIVITY? Surely the most that can be achieved is that rejects from society learn how to successfully live in prison, and that has no bearing on freedom or living within the laws of society whatsoever. The system is geared to release some people on Temporary Leave of Absence passes and paroles if their behaviour during incarceration merits it, and if they fit certain other criteria; and the powers that be wonder why a person who was a model prisoner fails on a three day pass, or those who have been granted parole are back within months, and sometimes even weeks, for violating their paroles. It is because the very nucleus of their problem was the last step to receive attention -- if it did at all. The problem started outside in society, so that should be the very first place that rehabilitation commences. If, on the other hand, society had guards censoring the parolee's every move, dictating his bedtime, and preventing him from taking any form of stimulant, the parole success rate would be over ninety percent. Fortunately, this is not the way the world operates, because "success" on parole is not necessarily synonymous with success in one's personal life.

An inability to communicate effectively and in healthy and constructive ways appears to be the biggest problem with most of the people I have met in prison, whether its from lack of education or emotional turmoil. (This, incidentally, applies to staff too.)

It would make far more sense to me if from the very beginning of a sentence, we were placed in an Evaluation Centre to determine if we needed to go to prison at all. The people employed in this screening process would consist of employees involved in the existing system of incarceration. For example; a medical doctor, a lawyer, a classification officer, a judge, and a citizen involved in the business community. The bottom line for acceptance into a diversion programme that allowed the offender to remain at large in the community under parole-like circumstances would be that the subject is not a direct or obvious threat to society. If his education turned out to be sub-normal, then enrollment in a Manpower upgrading course might be a stipulation, or it might be decided that the man needed emotional guidance from someone. It would work like this: if you were sentenced to say six years imprisonment, you would immediately be sent to one of the Evaluation Centres to determine if, firstly, you needed to be in prison at all; and, secondly, if you will accept the programme that has been devised for you. You would, of course, play an active part in this evaluation scheme, using your instincts and insights into yourself to try and help your situation. If you said quite openly, "No thank you, I don't wanna play." off you go, directly to jail, you do not pass go, and you do not collect two hundred dollars. And, you would continue to be a part of the established system, working for parole, if that's what you can accept. This way we wouldn't lose touch with reality and the free world, and there would be less communication breakdown with our families and friends. Using this method we would be attacking the problem at its core and meeting the necessary requirements that are needed to live in peace in society.

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FIBS... FIBS... FIBS....

by GREG SCOTT

IN JUNE 1977, THE CANADIAN PARLIament approved what has become known as the Privacy Legislation. Part IV of the HUMAN RIGHTS ACT provides for the release of information from Federal Information Banks otherwise known as FIB.

In the library there is an index of FIBS which we can use to fill out our applications to view material held by the government about us. Generally, we are told, we will receive a photocopy of the file we request to examine, although you may be invited to view the actual file.

Basically, what happens when you fill out one of these requests is:

a) it is mailed (by you) to the coordinator of whatever section you are interested in;

b) they send you an acknowledgment of receiving your request;

c) they send to the FIB which has the information (in the case where you are requesting your Inmate Confidential File, they write to the institution;

d) your LUDO or Classification Officer will go over the material and will note anything which he feels you shouldn't see;

e) he sends the file to Ottawa where they go over the comments passed on by the institution, and read the file themselves;

f) by this time you will receive a Notice of Delay, which tells you that "the volume of requests exceeds the capacity to respond" and that they will "make an attempt" to fill your request "as soon as possible." If you are impatient, you are told that you can write to the HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION. They have placed INGER HANSEN in the position of PRIVACY COMMISSIONER. This is probably because she did such an excellent job of dealing with grievances as the CORRECTIONAL INVESTIGATOR. You probably remember her on television, smiling crookedly at the camera and telling us all how she was trying as hard as she could, but that she hadn't been given any power, etc etc. Well, as PRIVACY COMMISSIONER, she doesn't have any power either. She has written to the Treasury Board, the Parole Board and the Solicitor-General, and has invited a response from them by February 25th. Anyone who has complained about the delay will probably receive a copy of the report now being prepared. Whether you will get your files from the big FIB is another question. In the Act itself, there are provisions where any person serving a sentence for any reason may be refused access to his or her file. They are:

"...that the Human Rights Act may be said to not apply to a person serving a sentence where, in the opinion of the Minister knowledge of the contents of a file, or knowledge of the existence of a file MIGHT:

1) lead to a serious disruption of that individual's institutional, parole or mandatory supervision program;

2) reveal information originally obtained on a promise of confidentiality, express or implied, or

3) result in physical or other harm to that individual or any other person."

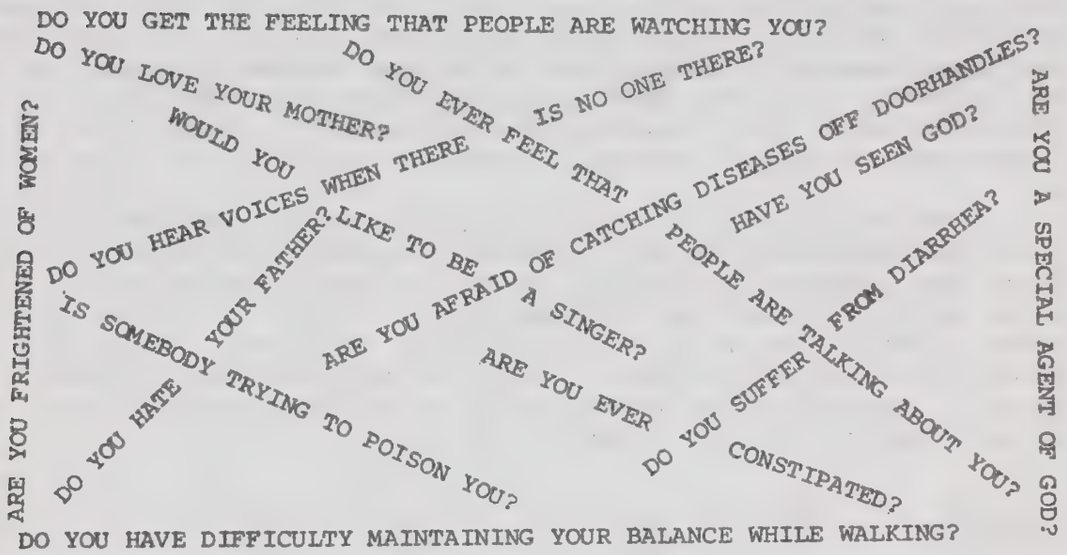
It would be possible for a person to sue the government or the individuals involved with your delayed file, but this is a lengthy process and you have to ask the permission of the government to sue the government.

Several people here have been waiting for their files for almost a year, even though the FIB was given 60 days to respond by the legislators of the new law. Rumor has it that the people who put things on the files are worried that they might be held liable for their comments -- as indeed they should be. If I were you, and had already sent for copies of my files, I wouldn't expect to get much. In the United States, where similar legislation was passed before the Canadian equivalent, all cons were cut out right from the beginning.

HALFWAY

TO THE FACTORY

DAVE TAYLOR



I had to fill out a questionnaire once, to determine if I was "normal" -- as if there could be any doubt? Rather than confine myself to singular answers, I decided to show my normalcy by describing a normal day in my very normal prison life. This is what I wrote:

I was walking down the range on my way to the showers, my arms outstretched, balancing to prevent myself from falling over, when I was suddenly struck by my daily attack of diarrhea. I ran to my cell for refuge, but, horror of horrors, the door had been pulled shut. It was only in the nick of time that I remembered having seen two officers who smoked opening my door by the handle, and there was no way I was going to touch that door handle; well, I mean, be fair -- Who needs cancer? I took my only recourse and kicked the door open and jumped on the can, only to find that it wasn't my diarrhea, but my regular constipation. It was right at that moment that I realized how much I hated my father.

Ablutions completed, I made my way over to the dining hall. Now, I know full well that nobody is trying to poison me; but, if the regularity of pork in our diet is any indication of where the stewards are coming from, they sure as hell don't like this innocent, naive, little Jewish boy. It was as I was finishing the last dregs of my meal (That's what it is, isn't it? Dregs!), that I took comfort in the knowledge that I was still a Special Agent of God. OOl½, licensed to sell cocaine, providing I cut it, which I didn't.

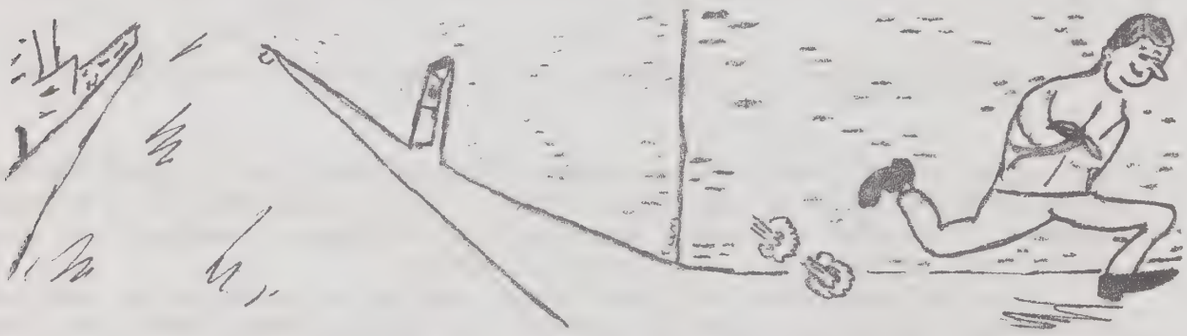
Anyway, my meal completed, I headed over to the Change Room, and it was there that it happened: I was looking through the middle, check-out window when I saw one -- a WOMAN! a real, live, walking, talking, breathing woman. Terrified, I fled from the building and hid in a garbage can to let my pounding heart cease its convulsions. Well, I mean, what else could I do? I mean, think of it... she almost saw me! It was too much, just too much....

I finally arrived safely back at the unit. But, just as I was going up the stairs leading into the unit, the crowd inside my head started up one of its frequent uproars; luckily though, I have the answer for it now -- they don't like it when I break into my song and dance routine. It was only unfortunate that I was well into Al Jolson's, "Mammy," just as I was passing the staff's office. I may have disturbed their card game when dancing on their desks, but I don't think so. The crowd stopped its babbling so I left the office. You won't believe this, but when I departed I actually had the feeling the staff were talking about me. Very strange....

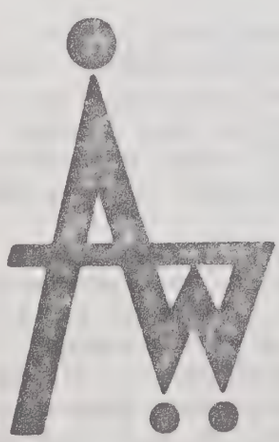
It was eleven o'clock and time for bed, and while waiting to fall asleep I thought, "What's a normal person like me doing in a place like this?" I lay there thinking, remembering the days, as though they were yesterday, when I loved my mother. That was before she shared her most devastating fear with me; she was terrified of drowning, so when she took me swimming, to show my love and affection for her, I pushed her into the deep end. I don't know if I am over-sensitive or something, but I could have sworn I detected a slight hint of hostility in her voice when she was finally rescued from the bottom of the pool by the lifeguard. I have always associated this event in my memory with the termination of future swimming events with my mother. Obviously, there's no connection between the two, but it's funny how the normal mind works....

I should mention at this point that, before this event took place, I had been swimming with my Mum many times. When this last thing happened I was only a child, of course; about thirty-one, I guess. On every occasion that I can remember, it always involved water; whether it was in the ocean or a swimming pool, the water was always there. For instance, she never took me swimming in the desert or my bedroom or on a soccer field. No, it always included water, somewhere. Secretly, I think she had a fetish about it.

I was still awake, and I know this for a fact, because I wasn't asleep. I had difficulty sleeping that night, and I remember lying there on the bed, which was supported only by the ground on which it stood -- a fact that never ceases to amaze me, but then I never claimed to have a scientific brain. I tried everything that night to get some rest, before I finally drifted into that kaleidoscope of noise and ceaseless drumming that we call sleep. I even shifted my toothbrush, twice, but sleep wouldn't come. Eventually, I took it out of my mouth and this helped.



The next thing I knew I was looking at the face of God. Others might disagree and call it my L.U. 2, but why split words... same thing. Right? Well, if I'm lucky, maybe I'll be able to live here forever; but, you know, I have this imminent fear that I will be released soon. Oh well, I'll just have to cross that bridge when I trip over it. You know what I mean?



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Paul Aubé

I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTunity to invite inmates of this institution to join ACCENT ON YOUTH. During the last four months, our membership has grown from six members to twenty-six, and we are proud of the interest shown in our group.

The main purpose of our group is to discourage young people in the school system from getting involved in criminal activities and ultimately ending up in prison. Our members, when they become eligible for Temporary Leaves of Absence, get the chance to go into schools and relate their personal experiences to the kids -- but before anyone does this, they spend their time while waiting for eligibility preparing themselves for the day when they can go out and present themselves properly, and in an effective fashion.

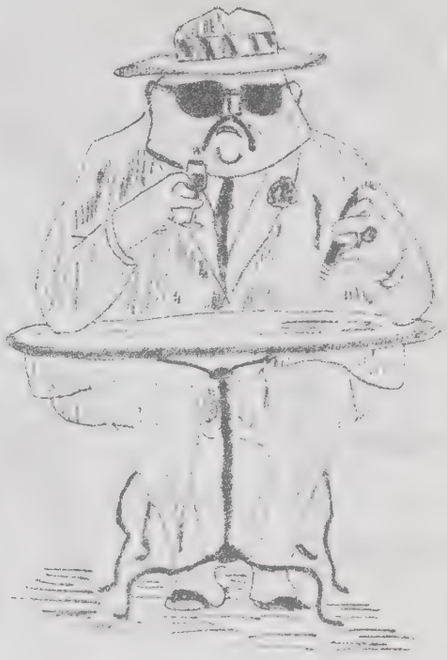
We have tried with some success to recruit speakers from outside the institution as well as inmates from local institutions. Normally, we are looking for speakers who have had considerable experience dealing with the problems of today's youth.

We have just elected a new committee to ACCENT ON YOUTH made up of PAUL AUBE as Chairman, JOE BASHA as Assistant Chairman and ROBERT MacPHERSON as Secretary; with subcommittee members DOUG JONES on Promotion of Projects and Sales,and GEORGE SMITH and ROBERT MacPHERSON as CON-WALK Co-chairmen.

This year's CON-WALK will be held May the 5TH and sponsors are the BIG BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF AMHERST Nova Scotia. Other projects we intend involving ourselves with are card sales at Easter and other special occasions. We'll also be showing a film that ED BROWN made at Annapolis Royal Academy.

I am proud to have been associated with past members of ACCENT ON YOUTH; guys like GERRY MANLEY, MARTIN KEATS, REX KAMSTRA and ED BROWN have all done a fine job keeping A.O.Y. together and working, and I intend continuing on in the same spirit.

So, if you think you've got something to say worth hearing, come on out and join ACCENT ON YOUTH-- it's for the sake of the kids....



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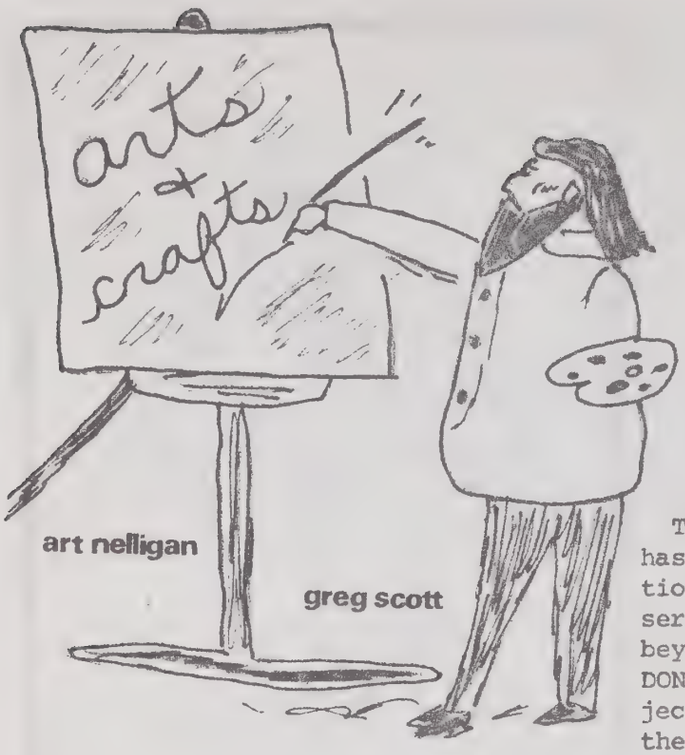

INMATES TEACH

CLASSES IN FOUR SEPARATE HOBBIES have kicked off the first five weeks of the New Year. Beginning with the integral drawing & painting course instructed by the very talented and congenial husband and wife team of RAY and BESS BEAUDET of nearby OXFORD, consisting of one week apiece, it began with sketching and graduated into painting with oils. There is a lot of credit due RAY and BESS, who had less than ten days with which to convey the accumulation of more than thirty years' experience. Thank you RAY and BESS BEAUDET and hurry back.

The last part of January and the first week in February saw guys from this institution teaching classes in the crafts in which they are proficient. DON WAMBOLDT taught Leathercraft and GORDY ROSE Glass-staining. STEVE AUGUSTINE brought his considerable woodcarving talents to his course. Each of these men are to be commended for the skill with which they taught their respective course. It is good to see fellow prisoners sharing their talents with one another, and, hopefully, we'll see more of this kind of involvement in future programs.

Nothing but the highest praise should be voiced for such courses and how they were managed. I know the men whose powers of observation and application have been honed by taking these courses enjoyed the experience, and their creativity will undoubtedly take on a new and satisfying direction.

Keep on....

SHOP RUNNING SMOOTHLY

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS DEPARTMENT has been the scene of a transformation in the past nine months. The service we are now getting is far beyond anything experienced before. DON HOARE, our Arts and Crafts Project Coordinator, has finally made the Hobby Shop work (with the able assistance of DON WAMBOLDT).

In the past nine months there have been 202 new hobby licenses issued. There have been 18 courses given free of charge to the population which ranged in subject from Oil Painting and Drawing to Coppercraft. Materials costing $3,138.00 were given away free to 139 guys, with a total cost of about $5,000 for instructors and resource people.

Some complain that it takes too long to get ordered materials from the suppliers, but apparently people in the Ontario joints are waiting about 10 to 15 days longer.

The Hobby Office is open every day and two nights a week. This enables all the guys to get at the machines and equipment not allowed in the cells. The range of hobbies is expected to expand within the next few months. After the COMMUNICATOR moves out of the auditorium and back to the Field House, there will be room for the kiln that has been lying around, waiting to be hooked up. Ceramics and pottery should be popular gift items, so a guy can make a few bucks.

Quite a few craft sales have been set up over the past few months, and seem to do quite well. The local malls are an excellant place to display your wares, especially if you don't charge a fortune. The summer season is the boom season for the craftsman, especially since tourism is a big deal in the Maritimes.

If you have any ideas for hobbies that don't seem to be known to the rest of the guys, why not drop down to the Hobby Shop and talk it over with DON HOARE and DON WAMBOLDT. They're open almost all the time, and are receptive to ideas.

Election Potpourri

joe basha

THE WORLD TODAY IS AMUCK OVER THE basic concept of food. Millions are dying due to the lack of it. Governments are embracing the profound and cherished ideas of socialism as an immediate remedy to these age old problems. Socialism has become a way of life in its many deceptive forms; but millions are still going hungry and thousands are still dying of starvation.

Socialism has a direct meaning; as we all know, it means ownership by the people of manufacturing, distribution and communications. What socialism is saying to its naive followers is, "Give me your most important industries to run as I see fit and I'll return the profits to you in the forms of medicare, welfare, baby bonuses and unemployment insurance."

What socialism fails to say is that approximately one third of your paycheck will be donated to federal and provincial taxes. So assuming the average paycheck of the middle-class worker is $300 a week, combined federal and provincial taxes reduces it to $200 per week. Then, of course, there's about a 10% inflation rate which automatically lowers your check to $180. But, of course, while living in a democracy you can always strike for higher wages -- except for wage controls that allow only a set percentage of increase in wages. In the Canadian situation, it's 8%. So,if you go on strike for a 6% increase, and you get it, and considering inflation is 10%, well Pal, you just got socialized for another $4, and your weekly paycheck is now $7 less than it was. So now your check which was $300a week is $173. Socialism is robbery -- without violence.

The meat of what I'm trying to say lies in the fact that come spring Canada will be engulfed in another federal election, and once again we have these familiar faces:

PIERRE E. TRUDEAU: In all probability the most astute politician in Canadian history. He is the sweetest talking, most flamboyant darling to grace the political circles of seven continents. He readily answers to the name, UNCLE SUGAR. His socialistic views are topped only by those of JOEY SMALLWOOD. By the way, UNCLE SUGAR'S personal wealth is somewhere around $20,000,000. Not bad for a socialist....

JOE (Who?) CLARK: Once considered obscure, now has diminished more to the ridiculous. Some say he is the illegitimate son of JOHN DIEFENBAKER -- notice the jowels. His net worth is almost $10 million... Most of oily-rich Alberta love him; but, really,they don't have much to choose from....

ED BROADBENT: His parents called him ED because they couldn't spell ECK. He is probably one of Canada's most knowledgeable people as far as economics is concerned. He is a devout socialist; in fact, he would probably gather up all the disease in Canada and have the government share it equally among the provinces.

The bottom line is, look around you, socialism doesn't work; and can't work as long as its leaders are capitalists.

I'm almost glad I'm in jail, at least I can't be fooled in this election.

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ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING: A NEW PROGRAM

GREG SCOTT

IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS A NEW SHOP has opened in Number 18 Vocational and Industries Building. Electronic Data Processing (EDP) is located across from the Barber Shop. At this point only the typing phase is in action.

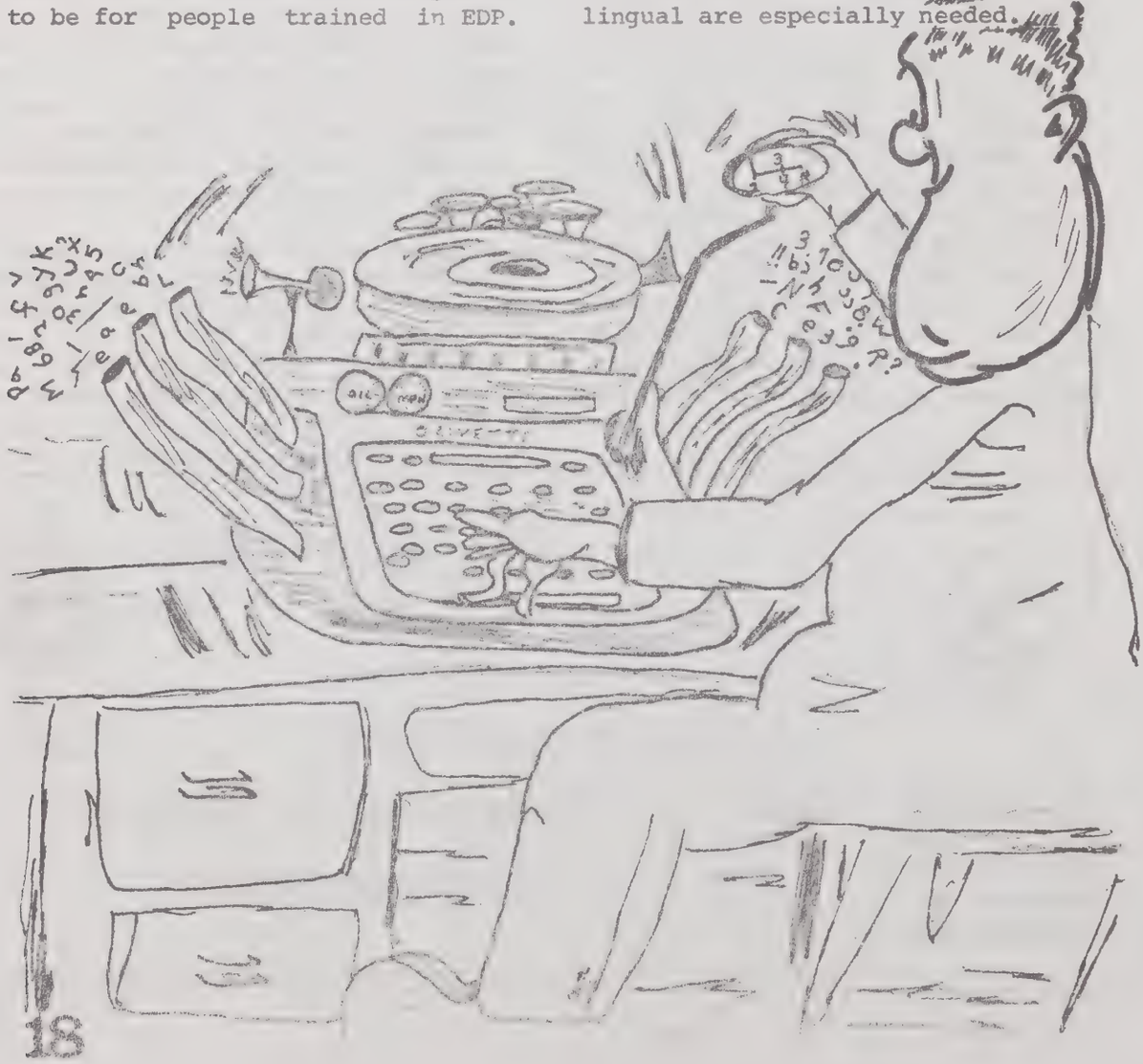
The Nova Scotia Department of Education is supervising a course in touch typing. This course lasts eight to ten weeks, and you are expected to be able to type 45 words per minute after completing the course.

Phase Two, which is not yet ready, is a short course in Data Capture. This teaches you how to operate the terminal used for EDP.

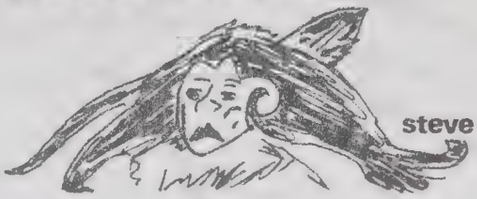
Phase Three is production, where outside agencies and companies send in material which they wish to have coded and placed on computer cards. This is a full-time job which is a common occupation on the outside. I checked with the CANADA MANPOWER Representative who looked in his Foreward Occupational Imbalance Listing (FOIL) to see what the demand is now and what it is expected to be for people trained in EDP. What we found was that there was no great demand for this type of worker, particularly in the Quebec area. However, if you look in a newspaper from any major city in the maritimes, you will always find a want ad for keypunch operators, which is one of the accreditations you will receive after completing the training period here.

A different motivation for this course is that a bonus pay system is being worked out whereby people will be paid for the degree of difficulty of the work they are doing. This could be as much as the minimum wage in some cases. You would probably have to pay rent, board, U.I.C. payments and maybe even Income Tax, but you would still come out with more money than you're making now.

People interested in taking the short test required by the program should put in a request to the AD/ET or J. MacALONEY through your Range Officer. If you are now in a trade or school program you cannot get a work shift to this new program, but you can be tested and will be placed on the waiting list for the EDP. People who are bilingual are especially needed.



Native Brotherhood News



steve augustine

THE NATIVE INDIAN BROTHERHOOD HAS been quite active over the past year with programs relating to Comnunity Participation and Diversion Projects. We have devised a program to assist the individual in and around Native communities on awareness within the Criminal Justice System. This program which we refer to as the COMMUNITY AWARENESS PROGRAM has assisted us with funds, and primarily has assisted individuals who are incarcerated and wish to return to their respective communities. It is also useful to help make people aware of what is happening within the Criminal Justice System, informing them as to what trades are available for an individual to take and which would assist the community he came from.

We also have a DIVERSION PROJECT which is supposed to work in a reciprocal manner. This project is quite similar to the ACCENT ON YOUTH program, but we deal with Native communities. The NATIVE BROTHERHOOD sends out individuals to certain communities to talk about subjects that encourage delinquency, such as alcohol and drug abuse, and at times we share our personal experiences in the hope of helping others avoid the pitfalls of contact with the Criminal Justice System.

We have also developed an ARTS AND CRAFTS PROGRAM and an outlet to sell our merchandise in various places around the Eastern Region. We have received a grant of two thousand dollars to purchase goods and to loan out funds to individuals who wish to do a hobby and who do not have the required funding to get started. We are presently working on a project to produce such crafts as moccasins, hand bags, and eventually we are going to get into more complex articles such as attachés, leather vests and other articles of clothing, and possibly snowshoes.

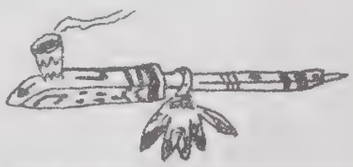
We are participating in the WILDERNESS PROJECT and the ATLANTIC CHALLENGE PROJECT. We go out as a group on excursion trips into the wilderness, or come what may.

We have an ANNUAL CULTURAL DAY EVENT, which takes place here in the institution yearly, and we have a COMMUNICATIONS PROGRAM, to assist illiterate persons who cannot communicate by mail. In this program we provide a cassette recorder and tapes to the person needing them, and we then arrange with the Band Office to have the individual's correspondent come to hear the tapes.

Since starting the COMMUNITY AWARENESS PROGRAM, we have received invitations to take part in conferences and seminars that are put on by major organizations like the UNION OF NOVA SCOTIA INDIANS, the NATIVE WOMAN AND THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, and the NATIVE COUNCIL OF NOVA SCOTIA. Our involvement with these organizations consists of speeches about alcohol and drug abuse, juvenile delinquency and the Criminal Justice System.

Our long range goal is to regain recognition as a Native, and to be a beneficial prospect for any community we choose to live in, and to regain any loss of our cultural understanding while incarcerated.

The NATIVE BROTHERHOOD is presently at a level where it has gained a substantial amount of recognition and has started to produce Indian-made articles that will be sold around the Eastern Region. The funds from these sales will be put back into the NATIVE BROTHERHOOD account until there is a surplus accumulation that can be donated to a needy cause.



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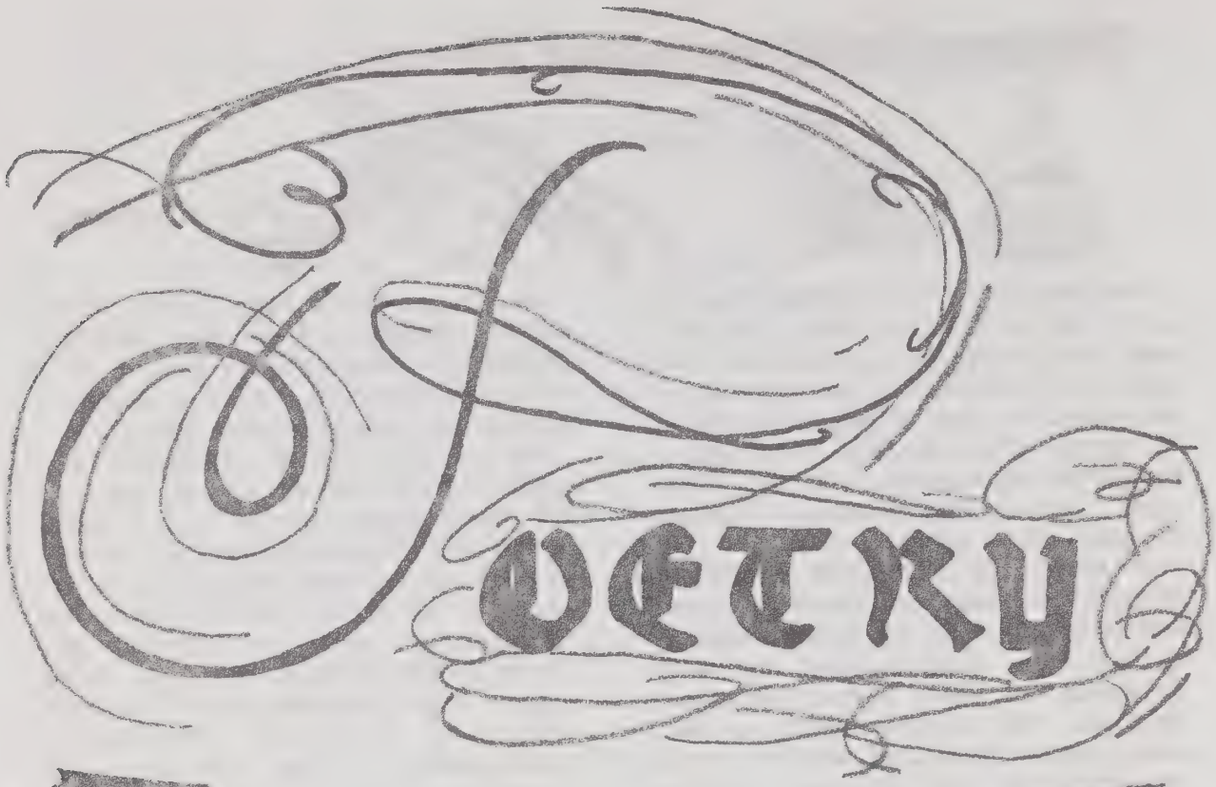
Halifax Sydney

Working with the female offender



Letter to a Prisoner

you went south for the winter
my love
but from your prison cell
do you really care
if spring comes sooner there?

you could have stayed
and braved
our bitter winds
and swirling storms

our hearts if not our hands
are warm

my arms
are not the kind
for carrying to war

© sheila martindale

folie du doute

Late at night
wandering
the deserted streets
of an unknown city
   i am being
   followed by a dog

Casually
i round a corner
   back
   suddenly flat
   against brick
the dog unsuspectingly...

HHYYAAA! GIT OUTTA HERE
YOU STUPID GODDAMN DOG!

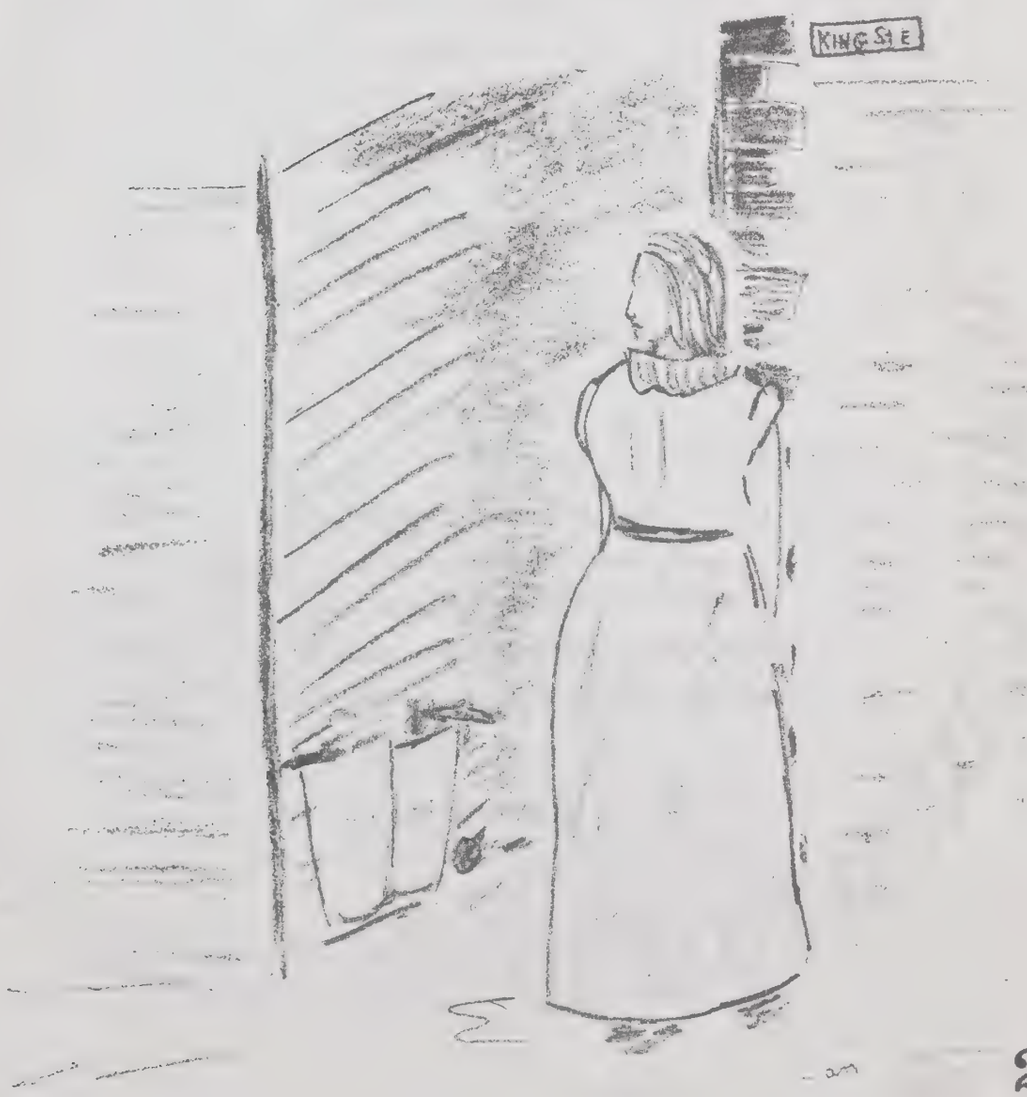
and the dog yelps
runs down the street
disappears into the dark distance
   going godknowswhere now
   to do godknowswhat

And i...
wandering the deserted streets
of an unknown city

wonder
   if perhaps...

Perhaps i should follow him

© bernell macdonald



KORT

the smile
without the face
the unseen
parading down
non-existent streets

the hangman's noose
hanging loose
swinging
jerking
as if in use

now is never; never is now
and sweet stupidity reigns supreme
while toasts are made of sour cream
while brazen bastards are born to clip wings
and segregation inmates become curious things

© andy bruce

OF FREEDOM

I think perhaps to be a tree
with autumn leaves to cover me
is quite a worthy prayer.

Then too I'm sure it would be best
to have a robin build a nest
amid my branches there.

I'd stand erect
beneath the sky,
I would not care
if I should die,
Nor would I ever
Need to cry,
If I could be a tree.

Of limb and bark
of leaf and sap,
away,
away from manly trap.

Alone to be of Godly bliss
Alone to taste the sweetest kiss
Of wind and gentle falling rain
perhaps I'll never wake again
from this
a perfect dream.....

© J D Sangster

Letter to the Editor of MacLean's Magazine

"PUNISHMENT WITHOUT TEARS" (Nov.14) stated that "Canadian prisons are grossly overcrowded; no one will argue with that," and "...the government plans to reduce inmate over crowding by spending $347 million on nine new penitentiaries.... "We would argue with the claim of overcrowding. As of Nov. 1st, 1977, the federal prison population totaled 9,413,while the available bed space (including sick bay, dissociation, segregation) totaled 11,280. Overcrowding is clearly not a simple issue. One of the official reasons for our massive prison construction program is the urgent need to replace several older institutions. We have yet to learn, however, of any concrete plans for the phasing out of these institutions and, if past history repeats itself, they will continue to be used, only serving to expand facilities for incarceration.

The public does not appear to be disturbed by Canada's massive expenditure on prisons. We suggest that this lack of protest is based on the misinformed assumption that our prisons are protecting us from vast numbers of violent criminals. The LAW REFORM COMMISSION has made it clear that fewer than 20% of inmates have committed violent offences. Taxpayers, however, are supporting these persons at a yearly cost which far exceeds the average Canadian family income. Estimates of the cost per inmate fall in the range of $25,000.00.

D. Whiteside, President
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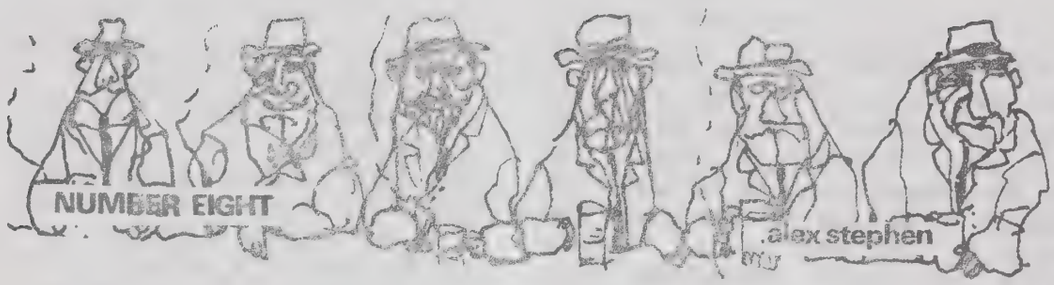
Unit Reports



I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO WRITE A UNIT Report on the Living Unit I now call Home... Good Old Number Eight.

For the benefit of those of you who have not had the pleasure of living in our unit, or any other unit in this fine institution, I will describe the daily routine we go through here each day -- and I do mean routine.

There are approximately ninety inmates in this unit at all times. The unit is divided into six ranges, each consisting of seventeen cells. Each cell has its own toilet, sink, closet, desk and chair, and, yes, even a bed -- with a mattress, I might add. Every range has its own showers, to ensure we all maintain a high standard of cleanliness, bearing in mind that Godliness is next to cleanliness -- actually,that's not the way I heard it, but that's what they tell us here; and who am I to argue with them -- you know what I mean.

We even get two loaves of bread, some butter, and two cans of evaporated milk each night on each of the ranges for our late-night munch-outs. I am fortunate enough to live on the only range with a toaster, so those who can afford it can have toasted sandwiches of canned meat, peanut butter, Cheeze Whiz or other goodies from the well-stocked canteen. Well-stocked, I might add, mostly because hardly any of us can afford to buy any of the items offered.

At ten-to-ten each night, we have what we call a Count, when we all lock ourselves in our cells and a Range Officer comes around and makes sure that no-one has decided to leave us since the last count took place at supper time. Why anyone would want to do a thing like that is beyond me; but, believe it or not, it has happened before and will undoubtedly happen again (God forbid). Once the proper count has been established, our cells are opened and out we come, to have one last snack, finish a card game, go to the canteen, pace the floor, or beat one's head against a wall -- whatever your preference. At ten-to-eleven, the witching hour, time for lock-up.

Alone with your thoughts, sleep, study, music, writing letters, or whatever your fancy might be. But, seven o'clock in the morning rolls around pretty fast,and after breakfast, eight -- the start of another work day.

I haven't singled out Number Eight as being any different from any of the other units in this institution, because contrary to popular belief, we're no different than the other units. Sure, we have from time to time had a certain amount of heat here, but when the smoke cleared, all was forgiven and we went back to our normal way of life -- normal, did I say normal!

I find that most of the inmates here are trying to cope the best way they know how. Most of us realize that the less trouble we cause, the less trouble we get. From my own observations, I can see that if we can grasp the fact that it was us and not the staff who put us here, (even though we had a little help from the police,the prosecutor and the almighty judge), and we realize that we are provided with every opportunity possible to better ourselves, and that if we do decide to take serious advantage of these opportunities, the sooner we will be released back into society. We must always remember that it's the same in here as it is on the street: nobody gives you nothing for nothing, so now we must work very hard to prove to ourselves and to the parole board that we have earned the right to our freedom.

In summing up, and for the benefit of those inmates in the other units who seem so concerned over our well-being in Number Eight, I would like to say that we are all alive and well and doing just fine in Good Old Number Eight. So put your minds at rest, we're making the best of what we have like the rest of you, and we are going to be here until they say, "You're free, Boy, go on home."

NUMBER NINE

mike moore

THE FOLLOWING WORDS, SENTENCES, and paragraphs have been arranged in such a manner as to, hopefully, give you the reader an insight as to the happenings in Living Unit NUMBER NINE during the past few months. Any criticisms, complaints or insults concerning this article can be directed to the editor of this magazine. Enough of the foreplay....

During the past few months our unit has been without the services of a canteen, due to circumstances beyond most people's control. This proved to be a great inconvenience to NUMBER NINE inmates, forcing them to run to other units in order to purchase those much desired luxuries such as cigarettes, coffee, pop, etc. But, the crisis is now over and DAVE TOWLER has been appointed the new canteen operator. It is expected that DAVE will have no trouble in running a smoothly run and efficient canteen.

The nightly poker game seems to be a great drawing card with very seldom an empty seat, and proves to be beneficial to some and pocket-breaking to others. Such is life in a game of chance. SHORTY gave up his position as House recently, obviously deciding the benefits weren't worth the added responsibilities and their consequences. You-'re deadly, SHORTY MAN....

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Before arriving at this institution, I was very concerned and in doubt as to what my new home for the next few years would be like. Before my transfer from the provincial jail, I had talked with some of the inmates there about this institution and received mixed feelings. Some said it was a good place to do time, because of the numerous facilities and amount of freedom available. On the other hand, some said it was not so good, because it was not like prison and at times one had a tendency to forget where one was. These people said they preferred to be able to do their time with no-one bothering them, and know at all times where they stood --the inmate on one side and the guards on the other, with no interaction between the two. With this information I had some idea of what to expect, but I knew that only my presence there would give me the information I needed to make up my own mind.

Upon arriving at the institution, I was completely surprised by its appearance. Granted, the two wire fences topped with barbed wire and the guard towers surrounding the perimeter were a reminder this was a prison, but the lay-out was similar to that of a university campus with a few exceptions. Absent were the high concrete walls and the constant clanging of steel which I had expected, but not at all disappointed by their absence.

Inside the fences the atmosphere could be described as fairly good with little tension amongst the inmates. At times, evidence of heated arguments is obvious, stemming from differences of opinion, but this is to be expected in any society, inside or out.

All inmates are expected to either work or partake in their individual upgrading, be it school or the taking of a trade. Failure to comply could mean the loss of privileges or confinement. Programs are also available to enable the inmates to obtain escorted and unescorted passes, providing a certain amount of time has been served. These passes include such activities as hockey, swimming, bowling, and other affairs which the administration feel to be rehabilitating. The intention of this institution appears to be to prepare its inmates to return to society and live as law-abiding citizens within it.

The big question: DOES IT WORK?

NUMBER TEN

e. davis

I WAS APPROACHED RECENTLY TO WRITE a summary of sorts on the happenings in my unit, and my impressions of them over the past few months.

This unit is called the THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY, and perhaps I haven't been here long enough to properly evaluate the situation. However, I have picked up on some vibes that it won't hurt to pass along. There are, perhaps some things that have happened concerning the unit which are still fresh in the minds of some but which came to pass before I got here, so forgive any omissions.

There seems, for one thing, to have been a large turnover in the clientele here. Perhaps it's the food or the room service but nobody wants to stay anymore. This turnover might be normal to some but this is my first bit and I hadn't anticipated such a rapid movement of people through the System. Not that I'll mind joining them when my time comes but, like I say, there does appear, to my inexperienced eye, to be a large emigration. Let's hope it keeps up.

My initial time in Unit Ten was spent on B Range just after my arrival here in the Reception Unit. It seemed then that some of the inmates in Number Ten thought that the unit was slowly becoming infested with a younger and more unruly class of inmates. This problem, if it existed, is being taken care of by the movement of people; and the staff, through their selection process, have held up their end and have admitted what appears to me to be a more mature segment of the population. Contrary to their previous record, they have now admitted a lot of inmates serving relatively long sentences, which should eventually add more stability to the unit, and perhaps bring it closer together as a community.

One of the advantages I've found from living here is that many problems which would require the staff's attention in other units get handled here by the inmates themselves, either privately or through the regular unit meetings, which are three times a week. I don't have a lot of experience with other units but I sense a bit of tension in the air there that I don't find here in Number Ten. The tenseness in the other units is a product of how tight the staff are with unit security. The extra input the inmates in Number Ten have, along with the openness of the community, helps eliminate this problem.

The regular meetings offer a couple of other advantages too. The community has the opportunity to discuss and arrange Temporary Leaves of Absence for groups of inmates from the unit, and to invent various ways and means to raise funds which can be funnelled back into the community as a whole. Providing they aren't restricted by eligibility dates, everyone can benefit from being in the community through these channels; and, I, for one, think it's good.

JAMES GOGAN

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ELEVENTH HEAVEN

archangel dennis

ONCE AGAIN YOURS TRULY HAS STRAYed from the paths of righteousness and been relegated to the ranks of those who ponder their sins & seek salvation in the celestial abode of Springhill. However, I shall take time from my periods of meditation to regale you with words of wit, wonder, and wisdom in an attempt to lighten the burden which we are forced to bear.

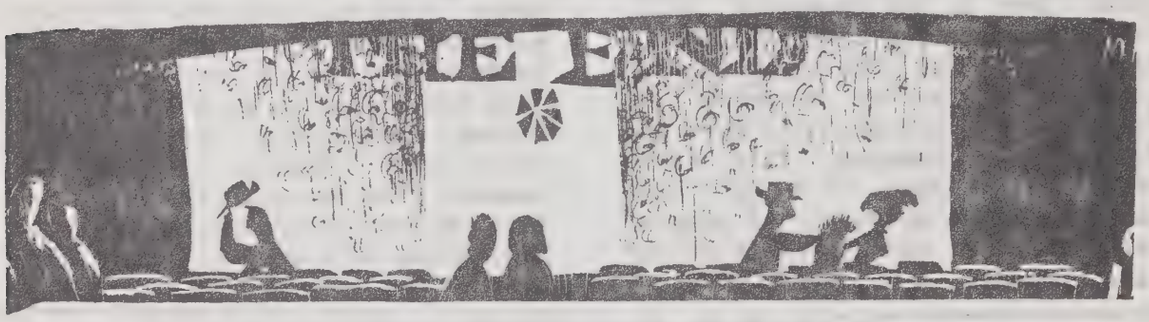
It seems that all is not happy within the ranks of those who are placed to oversee us sinners. Two of our lambs have strayed from the flock and are wandering lost(?) in that vast wilderness known as "THE OUTSIDE." Could it be that they have their travelling shoes on and are headed for Toronto?

A few of the members of our hallowed cloister are engaged in the soul-inspiring Electronic Data Processing course. It is spiritually uplifting to see them sitting in front of their machines, angelic expressions on their faces, laboriously working their way through reams of paper in an effort to attain higher knowledge. Carry on, brothers of the green, blessed is the laborer who toils in the field.

Our sanctified hockey team is once more threatened by the demon hordes who smite them hip and thigh in an attempt to wrest the crown of victory from their haloed heads. In past years they have been bloodied but not bowed by the tides of aggression, and this year, under the inspired captaincy of GARY Mac DONALD, they are confident that they can rise above all adversity and reach the summit of victory. Remember, right is might, and we shall overcome.

It is said that music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. Maybe someone should play a few heavenly chords into the ear of He who guides our steps in Eleventh Heaven so that He might relent in His firm stand against our book sale.We seek solace in the printed word and inspiration in the illustrations of the Gospel According to Hefner. Give us this day our Penthouse and deliver us from the Program.

Thus endeth the lesson till next scripture time. Keep the faith.



At The S.I.S....

greg scott

CHANGING CLOTHES AT THE S.I.S. Issue Unit has become even more of a hassle in recent weeks. Impossible you say? Well, catch the latest...

The space through which we must all pass our laundry has been reduced to a slit about ten inches high, situated at the eye level of a midget. Since it is always necessary to speak to the person behind this barrier to give them your laundry number, your size, some complaint, etc., we now have to bend over and shout through the hole at waist level.

The staff there told me that they lowered this barrier because of the cold air coming in. Now they have moved about ten feet away from the window (not a window any more) and put an inmate there to deal with the rest of us. Am I being cynical when I wonder if the staff picked up on the hostility from all of us who have to bow down to receive the usual issue of deformed and ill-fitting rags which we have to wear? Maybe a little better service and some courtesy would warm this area more than any artificial source of heat.

In the meantime, remember that the Issue Unit is even closer to the Hole than the Hospital, which is just a slip away....

Bodies, Weights & Buildings

by bob eby

CROUCHING ALONG THE FAR WALL OF THE GYM, THE WEIGHT PIT WAITS, EXPECTantly; iron, steel and hard wooden benches, arms reaching skyward, seeming to grasp, clutching for loads that give them symmetry... purpose. Arms crossed in front of his heavily muscled chest, MEL REDDICK, stands waiting for me.

I move across the gym floor, ducking under the badminton net, a fish nearly missed, thinking, "No wonder guys want to do his course, Christ, look at the man!"

"Hey, Mel... what's happening? You ready to let me talk to you about an article for the paper?"

"Sure, Man. We can talk 'til the guys start getting here, then you'll hafta catch me as you can."

"That's fine with me, Mel; I can maybe talk to a couple of them too, see what they've got to say about body building..."

"Nothin' wrong with that. The guys wanta talk to you, fine... but you better keep outta the way if somebody wants to work where you're standin'."

"No sweat, Man. I'm not built for pushing weights or lifters around..."

Laughing, Mel said, "Shit, Man, I can fix that for you... give me a year and you'll be workin' out with the best of 'em."

"I hear people using the terms 'weight lifter' and 'body builder' as though they mean different things; why is that, Mel?"

"Well, they are different: weight lifters work at trying to lift as much weight as they can, trying to get stronger; and body builders lift weights to build better bodies, better muscles and stamina."

"Is it true that most body builders end up muscle-bound?"

"It's like anything else, Man. If you don't work out right, you can screw yourself up. If a guy uses the weights right, all the time balancing one exercize against another, there is no danger of getting 'muscle-bound' -- it's like anything else, you gotta keep active and do a lot of different kinds of things to keep in good all-around shape."

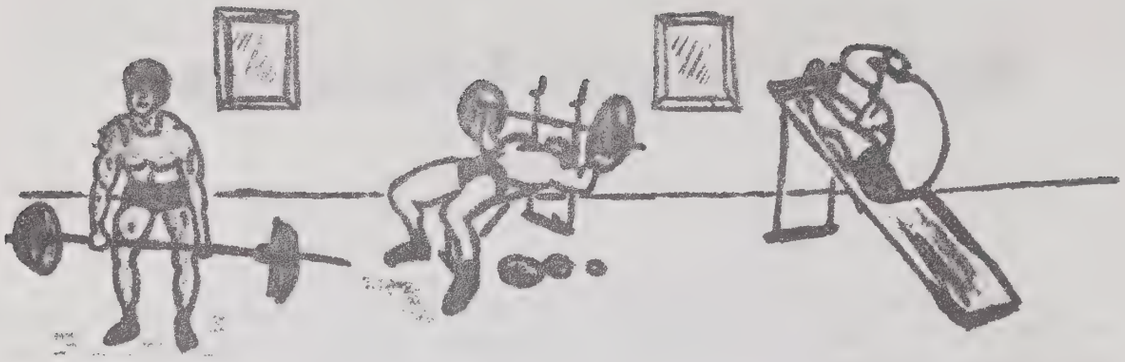
The doors burst open, a flood of running, scrambling, tumbling, strolling, sauntering guys poured into the gym. Some headed for the equipment room to pick up hockey sticks and pads; gladiators, strapping on Bakelite and leather, arming themselves with hooked sticks, making ready for shooting, slashing, cross-checking, and an assortment of body slams and ball-maneuvering tactics. Badminton birds took flight, arcing high over the nets, descending tantalizingly slow, only to be battered, smashed back to the server and on and on and on.... The shuffleboard table, without glasses of beer along its edge, standing testament to the dedication of the players, got its share of devoutees with guys lining up, waiting their turn to throw the cliff-hanger that would give them the win -- but, alas, no free beers; God really is dead....

And, in the middle of it all, there came guys, walking with that measured walk you notice many people of determination have -- striding, some almost swaggering, others seeming to push their way through the atmosphere, heading across the gym floor to the weight pit. Everyone seemed to know exactly which bench had been reserved for him, even though the pit operates on a first-come-first-served basis. They came in two's and three's, gathering weights and bars as they threaded their way through the equipment and guys already working out. A distinct rhythm began filling the air: huuugh, whooosh, huuugh, whooosh, a bellows sound, matching the intake and outbreath of twenty to thirty T-shirt clad guys; all intent, concentrating on moving iron objects through the air, while using their bodies to fight the resistance, causing groans, grunts and gasps, making muscles bulge and grow, and nostril-biting sweat run. Over the din I heard a guy say:

"... you catch Trudeau's speech last night? He's back flogging National Unity, while the country's seasonally adjusted unemployment rate is riding at eight point six -- it's really marvellous the way the Liberals can keep coming back, time after time, with the same old dodges, the same old horseshit...."

And another voice answered with, "Pass me the dumbells, will ya?"

...continued...



Mel was getting that look in his eye that told me I'd better get in a couple of quick questions, because he was ready to go to work himself. I said, "I've heard it said that body building makes people conceited about themselves, gets them hung-up on muscles and always showing off. What do you have to say to something like that?"

He said, "I'd have to say that there is no doubt that when people get themselves into good physical condition and their bodies are feeling and looking good, they have a tendency to feel proud of themselves; but, what's wrong with that? It can be taken too far, of course, just like anything else. I, personally, feel that a person should be proud of his or her body; not to the point that you gotta go 'round flexing yourself all the time, but you should feel that your body is at least as good as anybody else's. And you gotta remember, body building isn't just for show -- you can use your stamina and strength in almost everything you do in life, and it helps you do better at whatever you do."

"Can anyone join your course or come out to work on his own, Mel?"

"Yeh, Man, even you... All you gotta do is come out and do it; there's always someone around to give you a start. If you're serious about wanting to get into shape, nothin's gonna stop you -- 'cept yourself."

"Well, look Mel, I know you want to get to work, so I'll maybe catch you later on. I think I'll roam around the pit and watch the guys working out and see if I can think of anything else I need to know before doing an article. Thanks for talking with me, Man."

I started threading my way among the work-out benches. Most of them had two or three guys working out as a team; one would stand at one end of the bench, behind the metal uprights, acting as a "catcher" for the guy on the bench in the event he lost control of the bar he was working with. The guy lying down would do five or six "reps" and then get up and give another guy his turn. They would take turns at this, each turn a "set," a series of "presses" or "jerks" or "cleans," depending on the position the lifter was in and what exercize he was doing.

All around me there were people busy at their tasks, their exercizes, their discipline. Voices and thumps and bangs and grunts filled the air, and there was an energy at work that created a feeling of expectancy, a promise of something just about to happen.

From across the bent backs and heads of lifters, I heard, "Hey, whatsa matta wit' you? you don't like broads or somethin'? Broads like guys wit' some ass on 'em, you know? Some Gluteus Maximus is what I'm talkin' about, somethin' t' make the motor run, somethin' they can get their nails inta; it's what drives 'em crazy."

And in answer, "You don't put a board under yer heels when yer doin' those heavy full squats, yer gonna be all ass, like the broad side of a barn... Ha! Get it!"

Ducking around lifters swinging pairs of dumbells and iron-loaded steel bars, I threaded my way (carefully) amid the work-out teams. The one thought that kept running through my mind was that a person should not be hanging around these guys unless he means business -- whether that be to lift weight, to get oneself in shape, or to write an article. So, I decided I had best wrap it up and get out of there.

While looking for a way out of the pit, one that would get me through to the safety of the open gym floor, thinking about a closing line for what I hoped would be an interesting article, I heard:

"Who's got all the goddamned fifties?"

And a voice from way down at the other end of the pit sang out, "Will a Black Label do, m'Son?"

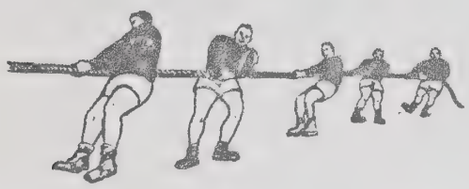
And I couldn't help thinking, Yeh, that says it; they're working at improving their bodies, and at the same time learning about and demonstrating a high degree of self-discipline... and having a good time to boot -- what else is there?

Sports In Springhill

Al Burnett

The battle for supremacy between the units in the sports world rages on. Rumour has it, though, that you could throw a bucket of chicken and a few shakes, or a ten dollar bill for the greenback-inclined ones, and athletes would come bouncing out of the woodwork.

MEL REDDICK was certainly up for the inter-unit BALL HOCKEY tournament; Mel was the top scorer, but in all fairness to JUNIOR MARSHALL and his NUMBER ELEVEN team, it was one hellava game with NUMBER TEN winning by one goal -- the chicken and shakes were finger-lickin' good, Junior!



A second inter-unit tournament was held over the Xmas layoff and a prize of seventy-five dollars was awarded to the winning unit -- not a N.H.L. salary by any means but enough incentive to bring the boys out of the woodwork in NUMBER TEN once again. Again, the play-off game was between units TEN and ELEVEN; but, this time, from the dropping of the puck to the end of the game, it was no contest - NUMBER TEN was ready for them, with JOHN MacCULLEN notching a four goal effort. Over the years there have been many remarks made about NUMBER TEN resorting to any means to win (and some of this is understandable when you consider that the T.C. is the only unit able to draw on other units for players) and, lo and behold, we are in for it again: we went so far as to get the NEWFOUNDLAND CONNECTION into the act; and, with Max's heads-up play, the old T.Cers showed the world of Springhill sports what hockey is all about. My congratulations go out to NUMBER TEN for their team effort, and to NUMBER ELEVEN, we say "There's always next Xmas, M'sons."

The ALL-STAR BASKETBALL team has played a total of five games and have come up big, winning all five. I've never had the opportunity to play with a better bunch of guys; the team is well balanced,with good shooters, rebounders and a tough defence. Our coach, REGGIE CAULFIELD is a good coach and has us hustling all of the time.

The inter-mural league has made for some exciting ball, with lots of fast, end-to-end action. One thing about BASKETBALL is that you can easily see who is in shape, and who isn't; I've always maintained that one doesn't play BASKETBALL to get into shape, one must be in shape to play BASKETBALL.

RON MORRISON'S team had a hard fought contest on their hands when they up with LYNCH'S tie-it-up-in-the-fi seconds team,putting the game into o time play, with RONNIE'S guys finally merging as the winners. It was, by the best played contest I've seen year; way to go, Guys!

Over the Xmas layoff, we also tournament INDOOR SOCCER, with NU TEN T.Cers coming out on top. The OF WAR narrowed down to NUMBERS TEN ELEVEN, with the marauders from ELEV taking it by almost pulling the off our running shoes.

The BADMINTON tournament was div into two categories: singles and dou The SINGLES was won by PETER EUSTACE PETER SIEVIEC. Both Peters teamed u the DOUBLES to win the championship GARY MacDONALD and GLEN THOMPSON.

There is a vicious rumour circulat throughout the institution to the effe that MR. EUSTACE and MR. SIEVIEC, wh on their way to victory, got an awful fright,when BOB DELANEY and myself do led up: they won the first match wit taking the second, and they had to c from behind to win the third, making f a hard-fought contest. The surpri part is that both Bob and myself are el er gentlemen, new to the game, and b were playing on twisted ankles and wit failing eyesight.

Congratulations on a match well p ed, Peter and Peter.

Sports are at a high around here, if a person is interested in taking pa In addition to those already mentio there is MEL REDDICK'S BODY BUILD COURSE and 5BX as instructed by VAUGHAN. I've seen a lot of people c into this prison in ailing health leave in top physical condition; it j takes a bit of work, and after all, w you have very little to do in here, might just as well take care of Numb One yourself.

Well, sports fans, that is about a for now. I hope to be hitting the br before the next issue comes out and I looking forward to someone taking from me, to report on sport for sport

Remember, keep a cool head and won't sweat....

SOCIAL DEVELOPEMENT
PARTICIPATION
J.C.'s
ASSIMILATION
STIMULATION
THE ARDEN PATH
GOAL ORIENTATION
GROUP DYNAMICS

Springhill Invitational Basketball Tournament

bob eby

STEPPING THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE GYM ON FRIDAY THE 16TH OF MARCH, BROUGHT a different feeling than usual. There were no couuuuntry and westerrrrrn sounds, mixed with the cacophony that usually hit you as you stepped across the threshold. Friday evening was different -- it started of with, you know it... DISCO. And with the new sounds came a new kind of weekend for the almost-400 people at this institution.

The RECREATION STAFF, headed up by EARL LEES, had arranged for a basketball tournament here at Springhill. REG CAULFIELD had gone out and recruited six teams from places like St. John, Truro, Tatamagouche, Oxford, and the Nova Scotia Teacher's College to meet with our Springhill ANGELS in a seven game tournament.

The opening game was to begin at 6:30 Friday between Truro's, Maritime Drainage DIGGERS and Springhill Institution's ANGELS. The Springhill ANGELS were up for the game and the tournament; this was their debut in front of the population of this prison, and they were anxiously looking forward to playing teams with the reputations of Truro's DIGGERS and Oxford Frozen Foods' GREEN MACHINE.

The DIGGERS and ANGELS got into their pre-game warm-up and it was obvious to this writer that this was going to be a highly interesting game. The DIGGERS arrived with only seven players to our twelve, but it was obvious that the DIGGERS had been playing together a lot, and that they were a well trained club, possessing the skilled moves you see on tee vee.

The Springhill ANGELS weren't letting anyone get any loose ideas about them; they bounded out onto the floor, dressed in Devil's Red, and began taking practice shots, rehearsing sophisticated maneuvers like well-choreographied dancers; building up the collective energy needed to drive a team to victory.

The DIGGERS took the floor, winning the first jump at centre court, but losing first scoring blood to the ANGEL'S BOOTS BOUTILIER. The first seven minutes of the game were very tightly played, with the DIGGERS having a slight edge in play, having scored only three baskets more than the ANGELS.

The ANGELS had a "guest" player on their team: PHIL BISHOP, the Provincial Director for the DUKE OF EDINBOROUGH AWARDS (otherwise known as Mr. Physical Fitness) lent his thirty-odd years of basketball experience to the ANGELS, and assisted with a bit of play-making and a few baskets. He was quickly labelled PHYSICAL PHIL by the hundred-and-fifty Springhill Institution spectators; fans who came out looking for a good weekend's diversion, some entertainment that would help shake off the Middle of March Blues.

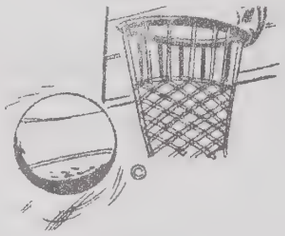
Well, entertainment we got --the ANGELS had their hands full;the DIGGERS' EBB SIMMONS and GERRY VERMEULEN made it nearly impossible to score on their basket. These were the two players seen during the pre-game warm-up who kept running up to the basket, jumping up above the rim, and driving the ball <u>down</u> into the hoop -- for practice....

The Good Guys, the Springhill ANGELS held them to a 20 to 14 lead for the first seven minutes, but the professionalism of the DIGGERS, the Bad Guys, couldn't be denied, and the gap was widened to 45 to 36 by Half Time.

D.J. DAVIS was called upon by both his team-mates and the audience to take the ball, for it seemed that D.J. had the hole-card of the DIGGERS and could be counted on to get through their formidable defence. PHYSICAL PHIL and BOOTS BOUTILIER teamed up to feed D.J. the ball as much as possible -- and when you consider that BOOTS BOUTILIER is one of the best outside shooters in this prison, you get some idea of the problem the ANGELS were up against. The DIGGERS weren't only a team that has played together for a long time: they had superior height over our guys too, and that, combined with the fact that they are each top-notch players, made the situation very difficult; but, not one the ANGELS were going to lie down alongside. They fought hard and well, to keep the gap from widening. Guys like RON MORRISON, STEVE WASHINGTON and MEL REDDICK were other ANGELS who had to fight it out with the DIGGERS up under the boards where STEVE RUSSELL and GERRY VERMEULEN

For this writer,this first game,between the Truro DIGGERS and the Springhill ANGELS, was an auspicious opening to what would turn out to be seven good games of basketball. The final score between the DIGGERS and the ANGELS, 84 to 75, was a good indication of the tightness of the game. And, when you consider that our guys had not been playing long together as a team, and that they were up against one of the best teams in the Maritimes, you have some idea of what kind of dynamics were involved in the game and the kind of energy it generated.

Both teams played extremely well and received very strong applause from the spectators, most of whom were having trouble making up their minds which team they wanted to rally behind -- the hometown ANGELS or the Truro DIGGERS



TATAMAGOUCHE V.S. OXFORD

The second game of the tournament was between Oxford Frozen Foods' GREEN MACHINE and the Tatamagouche BLUES. The BLUES seemed at a disadvantage before the game began -- most of the team looked to me like office workers, you know, guys who only get out once in a while and have that extra little bit of baby-fat around certain areas of the body; well, I was to change my mind about that a little later on in the tournament.

Oxford Frozen Foods' GREEN MACHINE had four extra players sitting on the bench, and the players, during their pre-game warm-up, appeared younger and in better physical condition. They didn't appear to have the highly disciplined technique of Truro's DIGGERS but they did have much of the same kind of team spirit as our ANGELS. I couldn't help thinking that the GREEN MACHINE was about to splatter the Tatamagouche BLUES... another notion I was to change later on, in spite of Oxford's having a "secret weapon."

It struck me that the Oxford GREEN MACHINE played a better all-around team game than did the BLUES; the GREEN MACHINE seemed less professional looking as individuals, but they kept working the ball up under the BLUES net with fast moving passes. The BLUES, on the other hand, were better individual outside shooters -- I learned later on that the missing component I had sensed about their team was that they had lost their top player to another event elsewhere, keeping him from getting to our tournament. They kept the GREEN MACHINE to a lead of only 34 to 29 at Half Time. It was the kind of half that could have gone either way, at any time.

The Tatamagouche BLUES won the jump in the second half and scored the first basket. Number 31, MacKINNON, a 14 point scorer for the BLUES, had to be helped from the floor when he suffered a badly sprained ankle, winning him a round of applause from the sympathetic audience.

Numbers 14, PHIL LEGERE, 4, DAN WHITMAN, and 8, ALFRED LEGERE were the strong ones for the GREEN MACHINE, with GERRY DEANE, GARY CREIGHTON, STEVE FINNY, and Number 33, SCOTT BRANDOR being the consistent strength on the BLUES. Number 31, the big scorer for the BLUES, MacKINNON, managed to get back in the game and the second half went smoother for both teams. They had now caught their respective rhythms and were working better together than in the first half.

One thing I couldn't help notice going on between these two teams was what happened whenever the two GREEN MACHINE, CAULFIELD brothers were on the floor together... it must have been disconcerting, in the least; REG CAULFIELD would step out from a position on the sidelines and try to take the ball from one of the BLUES while he was dribbling down the floor. The BLUES' player would dodge around CAULFIELD, maneuvering the ball just like on tee vee and then, before he'd gone ten feet with the ball, he'd be confronted by CAULFIELD again. You could see the BLUES' player thinking, all very quickly, of course, "I thought I just whipped around him not more than two seconds ago, back some ten or twenty feet, and now here he is waiting down the floor for me -- what is it with these birds? FROZEN FOODS, eh!" What our unsuspecting BLUES' player hadn't realized was that he did in fact pass REG CAULFIELD and dribble down the floor, leaving him behind. But, the "second" meeting with CAULFIELD was with his identical twin.... All I can say is that some teams will try anything to win....

The BLUES came on and looked like they might pull it out of the bag; they might beat the GREEN MACHINE, even though the MACHINE demonstrated their superior physical conditioning and team-spirit by going on to win the game 78 to 66. It was an exciting game and both teams got a well-deserved round of applause from the hundred-and-fifty-some spectators.

NOVA SCOTIA TEACHER'S COLLEGE V.S. ST. JOHN

Basketball isn't ordinarily much of a draw around these parts, but Saturday morning proved the end of that theory. Nine a.m. and over a hundred-and-twenty-five guys poured out to the gym to watch the third game in the tournament. The Nova Scotia Teacher's College (you know, where they teach them teachers how to make you healthy, wealthy and wise) and a "pick-up" team from St. John took the floor to warm up for their game.

Right from the beginning, it was obvious what was going to go down here. The TEACHERS were all nice, and clean-cut, and fresh-looking; four of them are over 6'3" and the rest look like they practice zone-defence in their sleep. On the other hand, the St. John guys, two of them sixteen-year olds, and three under 5'7", had that same kind of spirit obvious in the ANGELS and the GREEN MACHINE teams. And typical of a team that would get the loudest rounds of applause from the local audience, the St. John FAVOURED SONS took up a man-to-man defence.

The TEACHERS had two baskets within three minutes of play; it took the St. John FAVOURED SONS, in their Devil's Red, six minutes to draw first blood. They held the TEACHERS to a 22 to 19 lead after fourteen minutes, and if they had been used to playing together and had had some of the height of the TEACHERS the score might not have been 33 to 23 in favour of the TEACHERS at the Half. Guys like DON BERRY and DANA RECTOR were almost impossible to stop.

In the second half, there was quite a bit of fouling going on and both teams lost a man each after having committed five foul deeds. It was obvious right from the beginning who the audience's favorites were, and I have to confess, I, too, was prejudiced. My bias might have had something to do with the fact that one of the reasons given by the St. John guys for their haggard appearance when they arrived was that most of them had been out partying the night away, and some of their guys couldn't make it to the game. But, guys like ROGER MOSES, DEREK DIXON, and ROB SULLIVAN fought hard to make a game of it.

The second half was full of turnarounds, going both ways, but there was little the St. John FAVOURED SONS could do against the well-trained and bigger TEACHERS. Mr. Clean won out again and the final score was 68 to 47 for the Nova Scotia Teacher's College.

DIGGERS V.S. GREEN MACHINE

The second game Saturday morning brought back the audience's obvious favorites -- the Truro Drainage Blues... no, no -- the DIGGERS! They were meeting up with Oxford Frozen Foods' GREEN MACHINE and it promised to be a crowd pleaser, even before the game began.

The GREEN MACHINE opened by scoring the first basket and seemed hungrier right from the beginning. It was that spirit I mentioned earlier manifesting itself; they meant business... "Look out, DIGGERS!"

Although the score by the nine minute mark, 16 to 14, didn't signify it, the GREEN MACHINE was beating the DIGGERS in actual play; they were making quick turnarounds and beating the DIGGERS to the ball. At the thirteen minute mark, the game was levelling out and it was obvious it was going to be a hard-fought contest right down to the wire. My impression at the time was that the DIGGERS had the edge in that they were a more disciplined club, and one with a superior defensive squad. STEVE RUSSELL and CURTIS CAMERON were nearly impossible to break through, and with shooters like GERRY VERMEULEN, EBB SIMMONS and PETER HAVARD they were proving a formidable opponent for the Oxford team.

Oxford, throughout the first half, had the edge in outside shooting and it was only this fact that saved them from losing by more than they eventually did. TERRY DEUNNE, LEE MOORE, REG CAULFIELD and PHIL LEGERE were their big scorers, and if it hadn't been for the strong defence of the DIGGERS, the GREEN MACHINE would have taken the game. The GREEN MACHINE was always busier than the DIGGERS but the professionality of the Truro team told the story.

The spectators got chased out of the gym at Half Time and sent back to the units, so a count could be taken before lunch -- no, no! don't ask me why we couldn't be counted in the gym; I only live here....

I was told the second half of the game went much like the first, except that the Truro DIGGERS did more of what they had in the first half -- the score at the end of the first half was 42 to 36 for the DIGGERS and finished at 90 to 76 for those bad ol' DIGGERS from Truro.

ANGELS V.S. BLUES

In order to give everyone as much chance to play their game and to give our guys in the audience an opportunity to see as much good basketball as possible, the tournament managers had laid it down that the fifth and sixth games would be consolation games between the three losing clubs. The fifth game was between the Springhill ANGELS and the Tatamagouche BLUES. To see the way the ANGELS came out on the floor for their pre-game warm-up, you could tell that they weren't letting their earlier loss dampen their enthusiasm.

Again, the BLUES seemed at a disadvantage, with our guys appearing in better physical condition, and with us having six spares to their two. And, D.J. DAVIS gave us the edge right off the opening throw of the game by scoring first blood. After five minutes of play, the BLUES had a slight advantage going for them, with the score at 12 to 8. REGGIE JAMES got a shock when he was moving down the floor with the ball, dribbling like they do on tee vee, when one of the BLUES snuck up behind him and stole the ball; REGGIE, probably figuring that all the thieves were supposed to be up in the stands, chuckled when some wise guy called out, "Hey, call a cop! Stop that thief!"

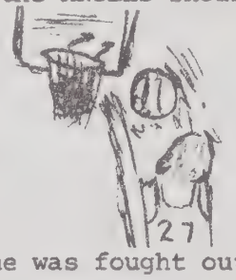
REG, D.J. DAVIS, STEVE WASHINGTON, and RON MORRISON fought particularly hard to keep the game somewhat balanced in the first half, aided by the able boards-play of MEL REDDICK, BOOTS BOUTILIER. and STEVE WASHINGTON, carrying the ball up the court to the BLUES' end. The Tatamagouche BLUES were leading 23 to 16, after having lost STEVE BRANDER with a badly twisted ankle.

At the fifteen minute mark of the game it was DON CREIGHTON, BARRY CREIGHTON and RON CREIGHTON that were making the difference, scoring heavily from outside with 25 and 30 foot shots.

Our guys, the ANGELS, started coming on, bringing the score to within three points at the end of the first half -- 39 to 36 for the Bad Guys, the Tatamagouche BLUES.

In the second half, and after five full minutes of hard play, the score was still only 47 to 46 for the Bad Guys. The Good Guys, the ANGELS, took over the lead at the ten minute mark of the second half when D.J. DAVIS dropped another one of his thirty footers, with one of his gravity-deeefying jump-shots. With only four minutes to go, the score still rung in at 79 to 70, with the Bad Guy BLUES cashing in for a nine point lead. Right up until the very last second of the second half of the game, I had the distinct feeling our guys were going to pull it out of the bag. The game ended with the Tatamagouche BLUES winning 82 to 76 but it had been a hard-fought and closely-played contest. One the ANGELS should be proud of.

BLUES V.S. FAVOURED SONS



The second consolation game was fought out between the St. John FAVOURED SONS and the winners of the first consolation game, the Tatamagouche BLUES. It has to be said at this point that the BLUES from Tatamagouche, although playing short-handed and appearing in less than peak physical condition, kept coming up looking so much better than they should from a cursory look at them. I got the answer to this bit of puzzlement when I was told that they had been league champions last year -- so much for my ability to size a basketball team up... wanta try horses?

The St. John FAVOURED SONS had trouble with the BLUES right from the beginning; the BLUES took first blood and dropped three baskets in as many minutes. After the first fifteen minutes of play, the St. John guys were down 24 to 15. There was very little they could do against the fine outside shooting of the BLUES... especially since every guy on the BLUES team could shoot as well as any player on most of the other teams in the tournament.

KEVEN HAYSE, ARNOLD DAIMMOND, DEREK DIXON, and GARY THORNE played hard for the St. John FAVOURED SONS but not good enough to keep the BLUES from scoring 49 points to 27 at the end of the first half.

The FAVOURED SONS of St. John started coming on in the second half but the BLUES were just too organized, experienced and strong. The final score rang in at 87 to 45 for the BLUES and, although the fans appreciated the BLUES and their fine playmanship, it was a sad day for the guys in the audience from St. John... both teams got a big round of applause, in this, the sixth game of the tournament.

FOR THE TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIP

The big game... the final game... the one to determine who the best of the seven teams is began right after supper Saturday. It was the Nova Scotia Teacher's College against the Truro Maritime Drainage DIGGERS. The energy in the gym began building up even before the players lined up, one against the other. The audience gave the TEACHERS some good-natured razzing. Comments like, "Hey, Teach, that's a basketball, not an apple -- stop rubbing on it" filled the air, and everyone was up for the game. The DIGGERS were aware of their support and they looked like they were going to justify the fans backing them.

Both teams used a very tight zone defence, and both came out meaning business; even the audience were focusing on their favorite team's efforts, seeming to feel that their concentration would help the Good Guys play better.

The DIGGERS took the lead from the start, not by much, just enough to signify they were the more experienced team, the one that was the best. After nine minutes the scored was 15 to 14 for them,with the TEACHERS coming on and pressing every chance they got. It was quality basketball all the way.

The notion that the favoured DIGGERS might be having some trouble dawned on some of us at about the eleven or twelve minute mark of the first half. Our Good Guys were only leading 24 to 22 and the TEACHERS didn't seem to be weakening any. EBB SIMMONS and STEVE RUSSELL of the DIGGERS played really tough defensive ball but the scoring edge wasn't there; their shooters were missing a lot of shots they'd just off-handedly plunked in during their earlier game. The TEACHERS, on the other hand, were doing everything the DIGGERS were doing but they weren't missing as many times. The score at the half was 40 to 35 for the DIGGERS with the edge only being slight in terms of actual play. BILL DOYLE and DANA RECTOR were the big scorers for N.S.T.C.

The second half got under way at 6:30 and after four minutes of play the DIGGERS and TEACHERS were tied up at 44-44. At the nine minute mark, the death knell sounded and the TEACHERS, dressed in gold, took the lead for the first time in the game, 50 to 49. Number 11, ROGER PRYOR, of the TEACHERS went down with a badly sprained ankle shortly after his team took the lead. With seven minutes to go in the game, the score was still tied at 64-all. The DIGGERS were beginning to consistently miss a lot of shots, sometimes taking three or four lay-ups to score once. Their outside shooters were missing only by parts of an inch, but in a game like basketball, where there are no horseshoes, that's all it takes to lose the edge you need to win. And, then, a factor entered into the game, the kind of thing that happens to all clubs at one time or another, especially when the player in question is your strongest defensive player -- the guy who digs the ball out after the rebound, who gets it up the floor to your scorers. Number 13, IAN BANKS, in the gold, drew his fifth personal foul and had to go to the bench, which immediately started making a difference in the score. The DIGGERS started hitting more often and brought the score to 72 to 66 with only four minutes left in the game. EBB SIMMONS, PETE HAVARD, and STEVE RUSSELL were on top for the DIGGERS, with GERRY VERMEULEN making the difference.

Number 15, MR. PHYSICAL FITNESS, Physical Phil Phitness got his phifth physical phoul and had to leave the game. Something happened to the team when PHIL BISHOP was forced from the game; it was probably the TEACHERS realizing they were in big trouble with two of their better players off the floor, and the remaining guys rallied to tie the game at 72 to 72, taking it into overtime.

The static electricity in the air could have powered a small generator, which is close to what happened with the DIGGERS in the five minutes of overtime play. They completely dominated the remainder of the game, scoring 14 points to the TEACHERS' 2, ending the game at 86 to 74. The DIGGERS had come through in the crunch but the TEACHERS could just as easily have taken the whole apple cart home with them.

There is no way I could finish off this article without commenting upon the high quality of officiating that went on during the tournament. Referees HUGH BRUCE from the Valley and ROGER CAULFIELD did an excellent job and were backed by AL HART, DOUG WARTMAN, REG JEWKS and PETE CAULFIELD -- every one of these men are to be commended for a job well done.

The DIGGERS from Truro took home the trophy, but they left behind something equally as valuable; there is more than one guy walking around this place knowing he was witness to some very classy and professional basketball, and looking forward to more of the same kind of enjoyment. The Recreation Staff are to be congratulated for their efforts and each team should have walked away from the experience knowing they helped bring a good many hours of enjoyment to a lot of people here at Springhill. Thanks guys. We hope to see you all again, soon.

TOURNAMENT STATISTICS

TOP SCORERS:

GERALD VERMEULEN	73	points
D.J. DAVIS	56	"
STEVE RUSSEL	41	"
G. MacKINNON	40	"
B. CREIGHTON	40	"

TOP PERCENTAGE SHOOTERS:

D.J. DAVIS	28	points per game
GERALD VERMEULEN	24.3	"
TERRY DEANE	18	"

SCORERS WITH MORE THAN 13 POINTS BY TEAM:

SPRINGHILL ANGELS:

			TOTAL	AVERAGE
D.J. DAVIS	26	30	56	28
STEVE WASHINGTON	14	16	30	15

MARITIME DRAINAGE "DIGGERS":

GERALD VERMEULEN	26	25	22	73	24.3
STEVE RUSSEL	14	9	18	41	13.6
KEN SMYTHE	12	13	13	38	12.6
K. SIMMONS	12	4	14	30	10
RICK GEORGE	14	8	-	22	7.3

OXFORD FROZEN FOODS:

TERRY DEANE	18	18	36	18
AL HART	16	4	20	10
PHIL LEGERE	8	12	20	10
ALFRED LEGERE	12	6	18	9
LEE MOORE	8	10	18	9

TATAMAGOUCHE:

G. MacKINNON	14	11	15	40	13.3
B. CREIGHTON	-	20	20	40	13.3
SCOTT BRANDOR	22	6	-	28	9.3

NOVA SCOTIA TEACHER'S COLLEGE:

DON BERRY	24	9	33	16.5
HOWIE PRYOR	11	14	25	12.5
DANA RECTOR	10	14	24	12.0

ST. JOHN:

DEREK DIXON	16	11	27	13.5
ROGER MOSES	12	2	14	7.0
ROB SULLIVAN	10	4	14	7.0

Compiled by Mike Moore, Sports Reporter

THE COMMUNICATOR IS ABOUT TO GO THROUGH SOME PRETTY HEAVY CHANGES, ONES that are aimed at improving our output and making us more effective at what we do. After having been founded by Number Nine Unit in 1972, the COMMUNICATOR has gone through a lot of changes, with most of them being improvements; but, lately, there has been a tendency towards "putting out just enough to get by on, just enough to keep the wolf from the door."

Well, that has gone as far as its going to be allowed to go, and we are now in the process of cleaning up our act and getting our shit together.

Beginning with the next issue, GREG SCOTT is taking over as Business Manager, which means he's going to be responsible for seeing that we get an issue out every second month, six times a year. He will handle all the office chores, things like mail-outs, accounts, subscription lists, and the actual printing of the finished copy.

ART NELLIGAN will be doing the art work (naturally) and redesigning our lay-out, aimed at making us as good-looking as we can be.

The Administration, through ALLEN DILL, AD/O & A and MARY DEE, Supervisor of the Clerical Pool have loaned us a new I.B.M. Selectric typewriter and have worked out a deal that allows us to share the use of their Gestafax stencil-cutter in exchange for work we do for them. Their help in providing these pieces of equipment not only cuts down on our costs but provides us with tools that will upgrade the physical appearance of our publication.

BOB EBY is the new editor. His job is to select and edit the materials used in the COMMUNICATOR. He also does the #=%&!@X typing.

The COMMUNICATOR is read by an estimated 2500 people. We reach prisons in both the United States and Canada, and Freemen and women in countries as far away as England, Australia and the United States. With a readership of 2500 people, a publication has the opportunity to talk with, explain to, to yell at, to educate, to entertain, to debate with people from all kinds of jobs and places. Many of our readers have no knowledge or understanding of what goes on in prisons and we have an opportunity to reach them through our writings, our poems, our essays, our drawings; our creative expressions can make the difference: they can have an effect on how the world sees us, they can help influence changes in how people are now treated.

How people think you think is how they judge you, so if you want others to understand where you are coming from, it's best to explain yourself. If we lie back and never say anything about what we are thinking and how we feel about things, we shouldn't be surprised when people come up thinking differently about us than we would like them to.

So, if you've got something on your mind that you'd like to pass on to some of our readers, write it out. The COMMUNICATOR will help you write it if you need our help, and we are interested in seeing as many people getting into creative expression as there are those interested in doing so. The only two things you have to have is something worth saying and an ability to say it.

The COMMUNICATOR will come out every two months -- except when machine breakdowns take four months to repair, like the last one did. Our aim is to publish as many items as we can that express what it is to be a prisoner and how prisoners feel about it. We do not pretend to represent all prisoners; but those who take the time to write articles, poems, short stories and essays are represented by us. We are your publishers... so use us.

Because we only come off the presses every second month, it is impossible for us to present items that call for immediate action or that need coverage soon after the event has gone down. Sports is a good example, but so are some of the other kinds of projects guys have going around the institution. To try and provide a better service, the SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT and the COMMUNICATOR will put out a NEWSLETTER every second week, providing a place for sports news and other bits of information from around the institution. The guys running the various projects around the prison will keep you up to date on what's happening by using the newsletter. The first of these newsletters will come to you at the end of this month and there will be one every two weeks thereafter. Any ideas you might have about it will be welcome; just pass them along to us.

THE COMMUNICATOR

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